

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1994

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NO. ELEVEN

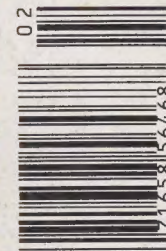
FEB.

TM

A WARREN MAGAZINE

ALONE SINCE
TIME BEGAN,
IT WAITS ON
A DESERTED
COSMIC
DUSTBALL
FOR THE MATE
WHO CAN LOVE
ITS SLIMY,
SCALY, SMELLY
UNWASHED SKIN!

A2-120
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Warren Publishing Co. Proudly Presents
a Very Unusual Offer...

Genuine Soil from Dracula's Castle

Authentic Soil from Vlad's Castle in Transylvania

DUST from DRACULA'S DOMAIN. Actual Earth (Guaranteed Authentic) from the Crumbling Ruins of the Legendary Vlad, the Mad Monarch who generations ago terrorized Transylvanians and inspired Bram Stoker to create the famous masterpiece of vampirism, DRACULA. There are 3 billion people on this planet but only 5,000 can wear this incredible creation. A striking ornamentally-wrought, beautiful piece of art in itself, this fabulous pendant is equally suitable for the neck of man or woman.



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Each Pendant is \$17.95 and comes with a Certificate of Authentication.

This is not a gag, not a spoof, not a gimmick, not a put-on. The soil in this unique Pendant actually came from the Castle Dracula, high in the Transylvanian Mountains of Romania—where Bram Stoker's hero Jonathan Harker discovered the fascinating and extraordinary secrets of Count Dracula and the mysterious Vampires.

Encased in clear plastic, artistically secured on a golden chain this Dust of Dracula can now be preserved through lifetimes to come. Starting with YOU. Sorry, orders are limited; no more than 3 to a customer.

**A Fascinating Memento
of the Greatest Horror Story
ever told. Order Yours Now!**

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Please rush me a quantity of _____ (limit 3 to a customer) GENUINE DRACULA SOIL Necklaces at \$17.95 each, plus \$2 handling & postage. Total enclosed: _____.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

ACTUAL SIZE OF AMULET: 1 1/4"

1994

NUMBER ELEVEN

FEBRUARY 1980

JAMES WARREN
Publisher

WILL RICHARDSON
Editor

CHRIS ADAMES
Assistant Editor

CARTOON FACTORY
Art Production

MICHAEL SCHNEIDER
Circulation Director

A2-120
Cover Illustrator

Authors
VICTOR De La FUENTE
RICH MARGOPOULOS
WILL RICHARDSON
JOHN ELLIS SECH
FRANK THORNE

Illustrators
E.R. CRUZ
VICTOR De La FUENTE
RUDY NEBRES
ALEX NINO
JOSE ORTIZ
MICHAEL SAENZ
FRANK THORNE

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EUTHANASIA 6

Armageddon had lasted all of forty second in January. By February, those who the bombs hadn't deep-fried had mutated into vegetables!



OUTPOST 1017 26

There I was, minding my own damn business, raping Suzie, when all hell broke loose, and Earth was under siege by invading aliens!



STARFIRE SAGA 43

Pirates swarmed over Steamer's starship. They were after the ship's wealth. But a greater prize was virginistic young female flesh!



HAXTUR 66

Haxtur did not know where he was. All that he was sure of, was that this strange new world was filled with terrors that wished him dead!



ARAKNID'S JEWELS 16

Boy, was Z'zitt pissed! All his life he'd wanted to hunt Buzuma on Crayola IV. But what did he find instead? Only limitless wealth!



LIVE LARGE 34

Hondo was a dinosaur hunter. Though he reeked of 'saur guts, he could detect another scent on the wind. The tantalizing aroma of pussy!



GHITA OF ALIZARR 51

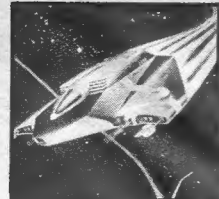
Ghita's young lover had used his manhood to give her pleasure. Yet, all the while, he plotted to impale her with something more deadly!



MASHER 78

It was a chance meeting. A one-of-a-kind accident. Two aliens collided over a strange world. They survived long enough to meet Masher!

incoming telemetry



1984 MAGAZINE: A EULOGY!

Regular readers of our magazine may have noticed something a little out of the ordinary on this month's cover. Instead of proudly displaying the title 1984, which has graced the covers of our first ten issues, we have a new logo and a new title: 1994.

This abrupt ten year leap into the future was made solely so that readers might not confuse 1984 the magazine with 1984 the classic novel, penned by George Orwell in 1949.

Like Mr. Orwell's epic, 1984 the magazine has prognosticated upon the dubious future of humankind. Unlike Mr. Orwell's novel, our tales have sometimes depicted graphic sexual situations which, even in this enlightened age, are not wholly espoused by today's freethinking society.

While Mr. Orwell passed on in 1950, his books continue to be read in almost every English-speaking secondary school. So that we might not mislead anyone into believing that Mr. Orwell's 1984 has any editorial relationship with our own 1984 stories, it was decided that nothing less than a complete disassociation with the name/number/date 1984 was necessary.

For that reason we have adopted with this issue, the new magazine title 1994.

The magazine itself remains essentially unchanged. We will, as always, strive to bring you the best in speculative adult fiction. We sincerely hope you will enjoy the treats we've prepared for you in this and future issues.

And, if you have not yet had the pleasure of reading George Orwell's classic 1984, please delay no longer. It is a prophesy come-true of mankind being swallowed by the monster society he has created. It is pure and simple genius, and still a delight to read.

1984 EDUCATIONAL!

Warren Publishing, I've loved, been scared to death, and enjoyed every story you've ever published. I've even sent a few of the more socially relevant stories within your magazines to some of our politicians. Among them were "The Harvest" and "The Warhawks." I've used your stories for social studies as well, and have found that 1984 is just another logical step in the creations of the always enjoyable Warren works.

NEIL BARRY
Lynn, Mass.



WHERE HAVE ALL THE LEGENDS GONE?

I've noticed a change in 1984 since its early issues.

In the magazine's first year of publication, it featured such celestial comic art talent as Esteban Maroto, Wally Wood, Richard Corben, and Luis Bermejo. We haven't seen Maroto or Corben's art for months now. And both Wood and Bermejo were phased out after the early issues.

In recent months you've brought in new artists like Frank Thorne, Vic Catan and Victor de la Fuente. Does this mean that our old favorites are gone forever and that new faces are taking over the magazine? I sure hope not, 'cause '84's always featured some of the best damned art in comics.

JOEL TULIA
Fredonia, N.Y.

We've always prided ourselves on publishing the best in comic art, Joel. Although the lineup will change occasionally, we pledge to keep our artistic standards higher than any comics magazine published today. You will continue to see the work of more new contributors in the future. And some of the old familiar stars will be back with unsurpassed visual excitement.

This issue, two new talents join the '94 lineup: Michael Saenz and E. R. Cruz. Next issue: even more surprises!

THE TWO SIDES OF A CHAUVINISTIC DILDO!

There's been an awful lot said about the Herma series on 1984's letters pages. Most of it critical.

It seems that those who have criticized Herma most were the puritans who blush every time a little pink flesh is flashed.

As one of 1984's earlier critics, I've found Herma to be amusing, exciting, and a pleasant break from the chauvinistic pap served up in many of the other purportedly "adult" publications proliferating today, as well as some of 1984's own earlier anti-feminist offerings.

In Herma we have, for once, an intelligent female protagonist who has the world by its proverbial balls. She's out for herself, knows how to get what she wants, and doesn't let any overbearing chauvinistic dingleberry get in her way.

Thinking back to earlier 1984 letters pages and to some of the vehement jibes to which Herma's creator was subject at the hands of adamant feminists who'd read his earlier stories, one might think that he created Herma simply to counter their charges that he is a chauvinistic woman-hating dildo!

LOUISE MONTPELIER
Edgemont, Arkansas

It does stop and make one think, doesn't it, Louise!

1984 CRITICS MISSING ALL THE FUN!

God! I really hate the way 1984's readers keep dumping on the creative talents behind the magazine.

In the early issues, you had adamant feminists ready to crucify '84's ebullient editor because of his seemingly anti-feminist stories. Now days you have everyone dumping on Jim Stenstrum because of his Rex Havoc epics.

Jim Janes and Rich Margopoulos were raided mercilessly over a story of questionable literary value in 1984 #8. And how many other artists and writers have been criticized, slandered and called obscene names by the ungrateful "fans" of Warren's magazines?

It's outright disgraceful and disgusting. All this pseudo-intellectual criticism and name-calling has got to stop. It's time we showed some gratitude to the people who spend their lives trying to make our idle moments more pleasant.

GRACE SWEET
Opal, Wyoming

JIM STENSTRUM: A SMUG HACK?

I'm sick to death of Jim Stenstrum's cutesie little cartoon fables. Every time he writes for 1984, he employs this smuggier-than-thou, I-know-more-than-you style that makes my stomach churn.

"Faster Than Light" from 1984 #1 is one example. His Rex Havoc series is perhaps the most offensive case in point. And now, in 1984 #10, we're hit with his "Whatever Shop," the tritest piece of pap Warren has ever published.

Like all of Stenstrum's stories it not only offends my sensibilities by talking down to me as though I were some spastic-brained twit, but little Jimmykins tries to make us believe that he's produced a unique piece of fiction when in fact he's done little more than recycle an ancient stereotyped invading aliens plot!

No doubt Stenstrum sees himself as god's gift to the comics media. Well I'd like to clue him. His readers see him as that lowest form of comic book hack: a **smug hack**, which is by far the worst kind. Stenstrum doesn't entertain his readers. He **insults** them!

SHARON BARROW
Edina, Minn.

"The Whatever Shop" certainly had an interesting and amusing premise for a 1984 story. However, one would have thought, given the limitless freedom to do **anything** (especially in the pages of 1984), that the story's author, Jim Stenstrum, could have come up with far less **trite** "anythings" than worm coats, checkered dinosaurs and machines that prevent swallows from flying back to Capistrano.

Although I was initially hooked by the title of the story, I was quickly disappointed as Stenstrum went into his usual "watch how cute I can be" scripting. Sad to say, he reached the epitome of cutesie-pie stupidity with the story's disappointing conclusion. Swallows walking back to Capistrano. **Sheeeeeeit!**

This kind of crap is just not for 1984.

JAMES HERRON
Fowlerville, Mich.

When I opened the first page of 1984 #10, I was virtually knocked over by the title of the lead story screaming out at me. "The Whatever Shop!" "Holy shit," I said to myself, "anything goes? This is going to be one wild ass story!" Needless to say, I expected rampant sexual decadence unlike anything seen since the fall of the Roman Empire. And what do I get? Swallows walking to Capistrano? C'mon!

ROGERSON MACAY
Simi, Calif.



TIME AGAIN FOR ANNUAL '84 SHAFTHING!

I just picked up 1984 #10 and noticed the cover date. December. The end of the year issue. All rabid Warren fans know what that means. It's almost time for the annual Warren Awards again. Or, as loyal 1984 readers have come to know it, the annual '84 **shafting**!

1984 magazine, going on its third trend-setting year, has been virtually ignored in the past two Warren Award presentations, despite the fact that it has constantly published the best art and more exciting stories than all of the other Warren magazines combined.

I can see the magazine not taking major honors in one or two categories on any given year. But to see its top notch creative talent take a back seat to second string **hacks** year after year, is more than I can stomach. It's a scenario that reeks of foul play. I think somebody owes your readers an explanation.

HEBRON EALING
Brunswick, Md.

The material within 1984 magazine has been intentionally omitted from the Warren Award competition, Hebron, because of its mature subject matter. Although, as you've pointed out, many of our contributors consistently produce stories, art and cover paintings of award-winning stature, it's felt that adult material such as ours should be neither compared nor categorized with that which has been produced for a younger audience.

For that reason, this issue of 1984 does not carry the annual Warren Awards ballot which can be found within our sister publications CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA this month.

DE LA FUENTE A COMICS MESSIAH?

I was so pleased when I saw 1984 #10. Not only does the magazine feature such exquisite series as Ghita, Herma and The Starfire Saga, but now you've added that greatest of European comics heroes to your lineup, as well: **Haxtur**.

I picked up my first volume of Haxtur adventures when I was in Spain two years ago. The art was so beautiful, the storyline so mature that I wondered why no one had ever thought to import and publish the material in English so that American comic magazine enthusiasts, like the rest of the world, could see that comics are not just for kids.

In fact, European comics are published for adults ... not children. And the much maligned American invention of comics is an art form in almost every country except our own great U.S. of A.

Maybe with the advent of more series like Haxtur, Americans will finally wake up and see that comics aren't just for little people with little minds!

TARA RIVERA
Bronx, N.Y.

At long last! Victor de la Fuente, the grandest, most respected of all European comic artists, joins 1984's celestial lineup of artistic talent. His presence within your magazines has been too long in coming. Yet, now that he's here it's like the second coming, casting a dietific glow over the pages of 1984.

I'm not even upset that the first Haxtur adventure you've decided to publish is one that I've already read. Just seeing de la Fuente's masterful art on this side of the Atlantic is cause for jubilation.

I have noticed, however, that the storyline has undergone some subtle changes in the translation from French to English. In keeping with the **slam, bang pow** pace of American comics, there seems to be much stronger verbal power within the English dialogue and captions. This isn't a complaint, mind you, simply an observation. I guess your editors feel that the slower pace and the more cerebral approach of European comics is a little over the head of even 1984's supposedly adult readers. Perhaps it is. Nonetheless, Haxtur in any language is a rare treat to be savored.

MICHELE BERRIEN
Uniontown, Pa.

1984 magazine is really a unique reading experience. Nowhere else can you get such exciting comic art and such truly ingenious storylines.

RONALD JACOBS
Gypsum, Colo.

Letters continued on page 25.

There's going to be a war in 1994.
With few of us left alive by 1995.
By 1996, man will have no more tricks.
'Cause in 1997, we'll all be up in Heaven.
—From an ancient children's verse:

Here it was, halfway through
1994. And already we were way
ahead of schedule.

Armageddon had lasted for all of
forty minutes in January. By ear-
ly February, those who the
bombs and radiation hadn't deep-
fried, were rapidly mutating into
mental and physical cauliflow-
ers. By March, we knew there
was no way in creation that the
genetic defects caused by the all-
out radiation saturation could be
reversed.

So when springtime bloomed
with April, Chev and I decided
that nothing less than all-out
genocide was warranted.

Should be
able to see her
over the next
hill, Chev.

God, I'd love
to have gotten my hands on
a bunch of those militaristic
assholes before the bombs
vaporized them!

There she is,
m'man. Washington, D.C.,
one-time breeding ground for
the warmongers, degenerates and
money-grabbing sadists who made
us what we are today!

It's quiet, Chev.
You don't think our
bio-chemical agents have
wiped everybody out
already?

It's been almost
two weeks since we blew
the arsenal, Mickey. All that
C B shit is going to poison
this planet eventually. But
it's still too soon!

"More likely, the mutes have banded together and have
enough collective intelligence between them to realize
that a warwagon this heavily armed isn't here to ex-
change ambassadors."

Mercy-killing! That's what Chevy called it. We were just going
to put a suffering animal out of its misery.

In this case, the animal just happened to be the meagre re-
mains of the whole friggin' human race!

"No. They're out
there, Mickey.
Waiting for us.
Ready to do us in.
We just have to
get them first!"

EAST OF EUTHANASIA



Holy shit, Chev! They...they were waiting on that overpass!

Goddamn sneaky-ass mutes! They're swarming all over us!

Eat lead, you greasy slime-fuckers! This is for your own good!



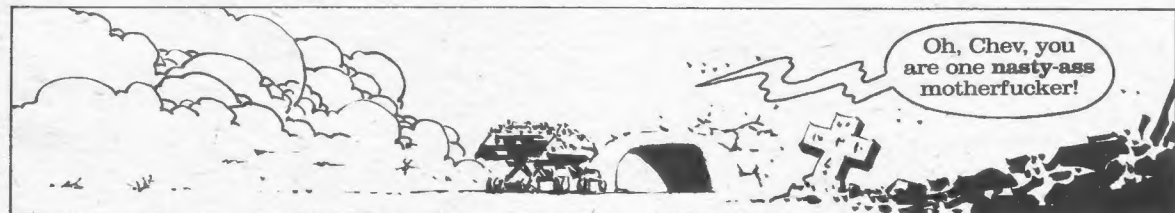
We can't get them all, Chev. You want to give them a dose of nasal death?

I've got other plans for these sludge-humpers!

Save the gas till we get inside the city, Mick. It'll do more good!



Raise the hydraulic lifts, m'man! Six feet and these mold monsters won't know what hit them!



Oh, Chev, you are one nasty-ass motherfucker!



I don't think they'll be hitch-hiking on any more war wagons!

Before the bombs blew away our livelihood, Chev and I worked in the Army's Cold Springs, Colorado **Blowar Arsenal** devising new and more efficient ways of doing humanity in!

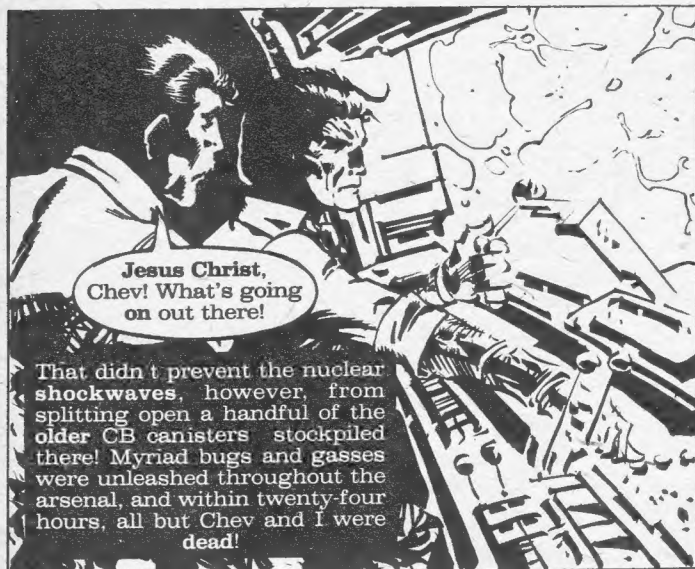
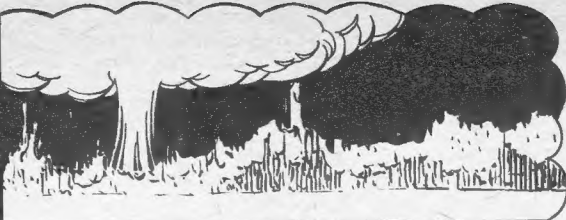
Blowar was one of those bastardized Army words; short for **Biological Warfare**!

We created mutant bugs and virulent gases which the Army claimed it would never use! We had more than twelve hundred diseases and six hundred inhalants which could kill or incapacitate a man!



Officially, of course, not one of these Biowar agents existed. The Geneva Convention outlawed them even before WWII. But that didn't stop Uncle Sam's khaki-clad warriors from stockpiling them in Euthanasia Valley, as our arsenal was sometimes called.

Back in January when the bombs went off, Chev and I and a hundred or so other Army troglodytes who toiled in the Biowar salt-mines, figured we were relatively safe from the bombs and radiation. The complex was steel and concrete reinforced, and buried a mile underground to prevent any conceivable biological or chemical "accident!"



Jesus Christ, Chev! What's going on out there!

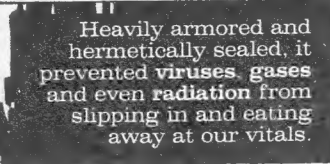
That didn't prevent the nuclear shockwaves, however, from splitting open a handful of the older CB canisters stockpiled there! Myriad bugs and gasses were unleashed throughout the arsenal, and within twenty-four hours, all but Chev and I were dead!



There's enough bugs an' gas and shit out there to kill every living thing on Earth!



We escaped only because we had the good fortune to be working within the mobile Biolab at the onset of Armageddon.



Heavily armored and hermetically sealed, it prevented viruses, gasses and even radiation from slipping in and eating away at our vitals.



They... they're dying out there, Mickey... and we can't do shit!

But after we'd seen what the biological contamination had done to our friends and co-workers, not to mention what the bombs above had done to our families and loved ones, Chev and I just didn't much care what happened to us.



It was then that we decided to finish what the boys in the Pentagon had started.



We were loading the Biolab with the biggest guns and a dozen canisters of the most toxic gasses we could lay hands on when we were attacked for the first time by a legion of the "walking dead."

With all that shit floating through the air, they should have been strumming harps at the pearly gates. Chev and I just helped them to find everlasting peace... saving our own skins in the process.

After that, we set charges and blew the arsenal sky high! It was a glorious, kaleidoscopic display of fireworks befitting the end of all mankind.

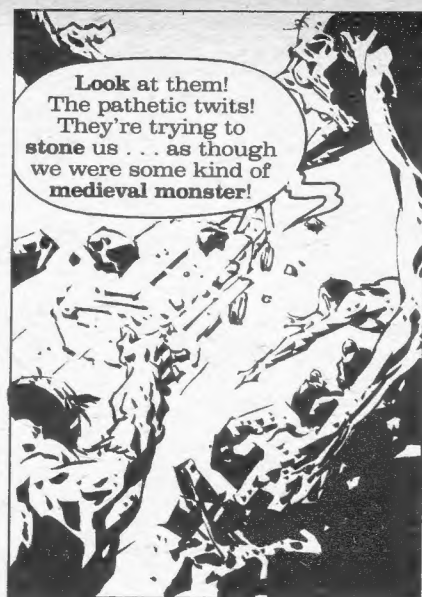
Viruses, gasses, radiation, biological and chemical agents toxic enough to kill every living creature on the face of the earth a dozen times over, were released into the atmosphere in a mammoth multi-colored cloud that was, the last time we saw it, drifting due west and killing everything in its wake!

Chev and I decided to go east, to help out our cloud with a little old-fashioned blood-letting of our own!

Insidious? Sadistic? Inhuman? We didn't think so. We were just pulling the plug on a terminally comatose patient... putting a suffering animal out of its misery! The human race was already dead. We were just attending to the burial!



Heads up, Mickey! I've got more muties on the scope at three o'clock!



Look at them! The pathetic twits! They're trying to stone us... as though we were some kind of medieval monster!



Stone us!? Even those worm-brains aren't that dumb. They're trying to divert our attention! Mickey... check your port gunhole!



Oh shit, Chevy...! Behind you!



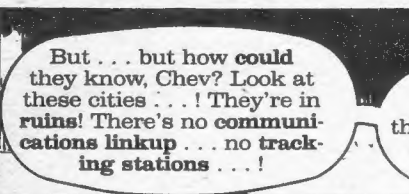
Fucker must've squeezed through the glass turret!

Proww!

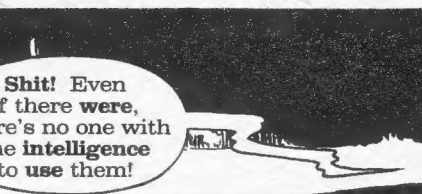


These aren't like any of the other mutants we've encountered, Mickey!

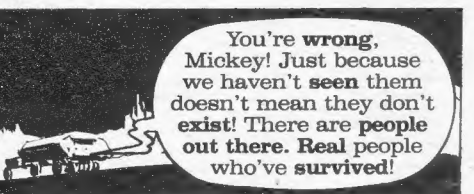
These bastards know we're coming! They're ready for us!



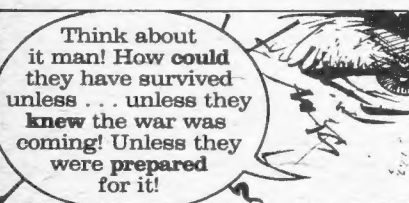
But... but how could they know, Chev? Look at these cities...! They're in ruins! There's no communications linkup... no tracking stations...!



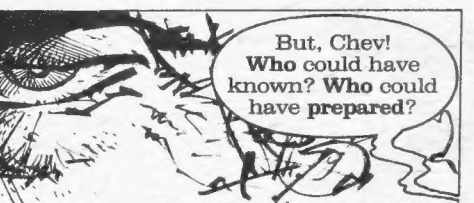
Shit! Even if there were, there's no one with the intelligence to use them!



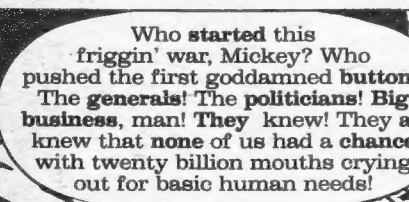
You're wrong, Mickey! Just because we haven't seen them doesn't mean they don't exist! There are people out there. Real people who've survived!



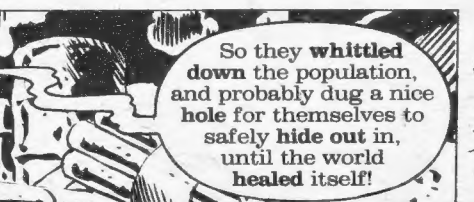
Think about it man! How could they have survived unless... unless they knew the war was coming! Unless they were prepared for it!



But, Chev! Who could have known? Who could have prepared?



Who started this friggin' war, Mickey? Who pushed the first goddamned button? The generals! The politicians! Big business, man! They knew! They all knew that none of us had a chance with twenty billion mouths crying out for basic human needs!



So they whittled down the population, and probably dug a nice hole for themselves to safely hide out in, until the world healed itself!



But they didn't figure on us, m'man, finishing the job they started! Now that they know we're out here, they're going to try to blow us away!

WHUMP!

WHUM!

KWAPAM!

Ch-Chev...! It... it's a mine field of explosives! It's like you say! They're trying to kill us!



Even the warwagon can't take a beating like this! We... we're breaking up, Mickey...!



They've got the mutants doing their dirty work!

They're hitting us with everything they've got, m'man! But I'm not about to let them stop us now!

CHOW!

THWOW!



Oh, Chev...!
Oh... oh God, Chev!
They... they don't
have to stop us!
Not... not any-
more!

Mickey!
What's
happened?

Their...
their explosives,
Chev...! They've
split one of the CB
drums! It... it's
leaking, man!
Toxic gas!

H-help
me, Chevy!

We... we're
both dead
men!

Whunk!

P-p-please!

Ohhhh, Chev...!
I... I don't want
to die like this!

I... I don't
want to die as
some kind of
mutated
freak...!

Oh, Mickey!

I'll get them
for this, Mickey!
I'll make those
bastards pay for
everything they've
done...!

I... I
swear it!

The mobile Biolab rolled through the eerie ruins. Slowly... ever so slowly, it came to a hesitant, faltering halt.

For long, tense hours, it was observed through a thick, radiation-proof viewscreen.

Then, when they were quite certain that no one was alive within the vehicle, the observers cautiously moved towards it, to investigate the strange tank-like object.

One by one, each entered the Biolab. They saw, but could not figure out why the rotted, dripping, puss-covered skull of the driver seemed to be smiling.

By the time they did discover the dozen CB canisters which Chevy had deliberately shattered before he died, it was much too late to do anything about it.

Senators, congressmen, generals, one current and two past presidents, as well as over a hundred of the richest, most influential representatives of big business were present. Not one of them could contain their curiosity.

The dozen-odd toxic germs and gasses had worked their way well into their rapidly-disintegrating systems...

The Jewels of Araknid



Boy, was Z'zitt pissed. His life's sole desire was to hunt the Buzuma... the big game of Crayola IV, a wild and largely unexplored jungle planet within the forlorn Harumptilde system! He even arranged hologram coverage on the hit show "The Wide Universe of Sports!"

But shortly after the little bug-faced insectoid attained his dream, he found himself hacking his way slowly and annoyingly through Crayola's dense jungle foliage, incontestably lost and forlorn!

Chicken-bangin', worm-lickin', crotch-sniffin' terran bearers! They aren't worth the chemicals they're cloned with!

I turn my back for a minute to take a goddamn leak... and they run off, abandoning me smack in the middle of nowhere! Futzbags even scared away the holo-film crew!

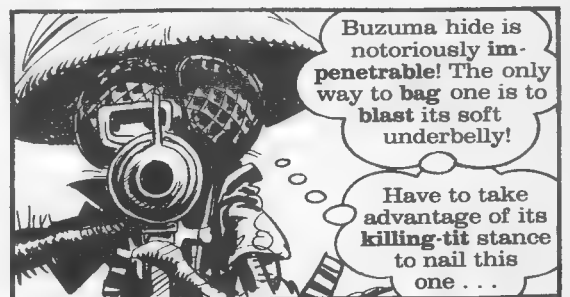
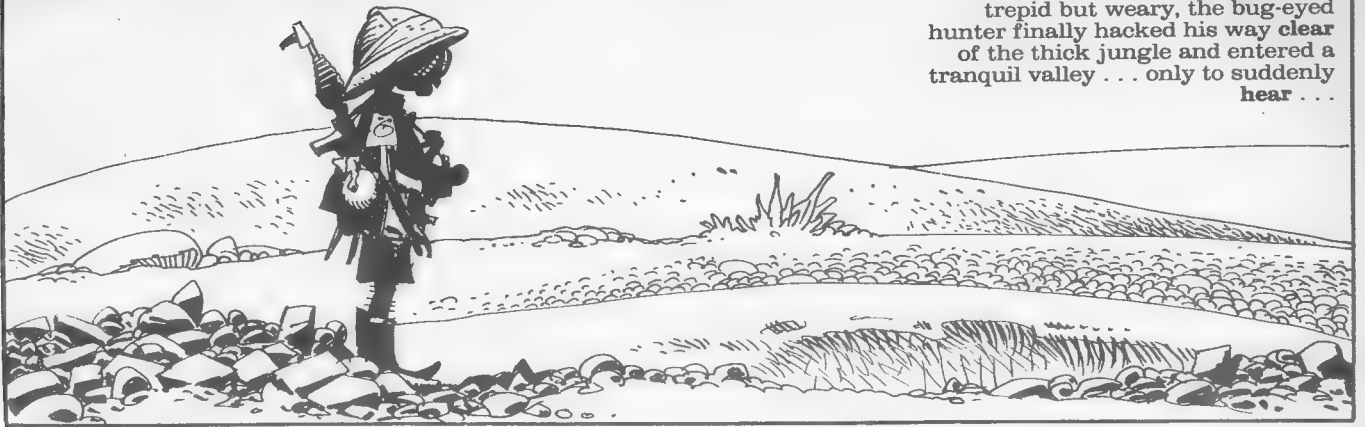
No wonder Earth's been invaded by a half-dozen different star-systems! Those lousy jizzumbrains don't even make decent slaves!

Yes, Z'zitt was sore... in more ways than one! He was also somewhat dishonest with himself, which, of course, was a reasonable psychological defense mechanism for anyone weighted with a heavy mantle of guilt.

The Insectoid, you see, wasn't in the bushes taking a pee. He was jiddling his johnson with such frantically impassioned frenzy (not to mention his myriad of insect-like buzzes, chirps and orgasmic groans) that he frightened everyone away!

The sullen hunter was also in the native bush for much longer than a mere sixty seconds! After all, tooling oneself properly is a time-consuming labor of "love," especially when one is using a bug-like claw to whack off a chitinous, armor-coated shlong!

Unbeknownst to the unsuspecting Z'zitt, that cruel jester fate was to have its way with him again. Intrepid but weary, the bug-eyed hunter finally hacked his way clear of the thick jungle and entered a tranquil valley . . . only to suddenly hear . . .





Hot Kromnuts!
What a beaut! I -
can't wait to get it
stuffed and made into
a love seat!

It'll make
an excellent conversation
piece! And look at that snout!
It'll hold pens and paperclips
and all kinds of wondrous
paraphernalia!

But suddenly, the little bug-balled baggers dreams
began curdling like sour jizzum as a horde of scaly
green-skin brutes appeared on the horizon . . . !

Uh-oh! My travel
agent didn't say
anything about rest-
less natives on this
world! Hope they're
not cannibals!

There's
too many to
mercilessly slaugh-
ter! If they're not
friendly, I've bit
the big one!

The primitive, spear-
chucking lizoid war-
riors slowly, solemnly
advanced . . .

Gaaaaa! I
can't bear to look!
Shishkebabad on Crayola
IV! What a rotten
epitaph!

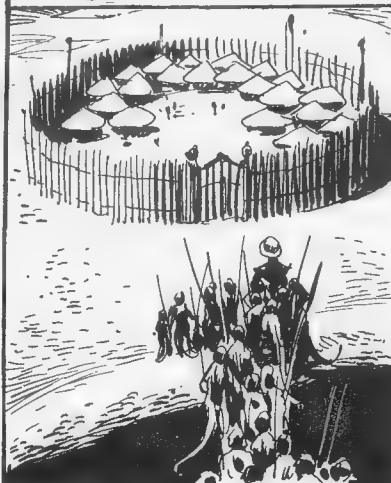


... and with a blood-curdling,
phallus-curling cry, hoisted the
despairing Diptera onto their scaly
shoulders!

Holy Krom-shvantz!
Either they like to play with
their food before chowing down
... or I'm being treated
like a hero!

Y'know . . .
I'll bet this
has something to do
with saving that
girl's life!

It was just a short jaunt to the
backwards lizoid village, which
was nestled serenely under the
shadow of ghastly purple moun-
tain peaks. Z'zitt, at last over-
coming some of his boundless
panic, finally remembered his
belt-translator and nervously
switched it on!



Oh, strange
one with the scrawny but
hairy legs, you have rescued
my beloved daughter from a
fate worse than death!

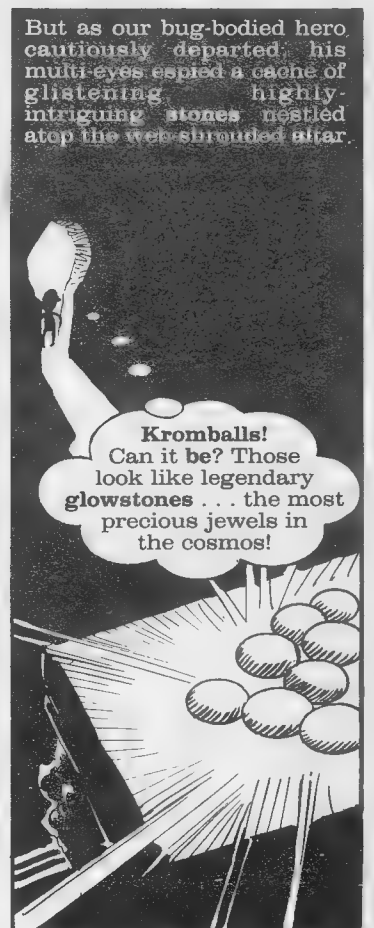
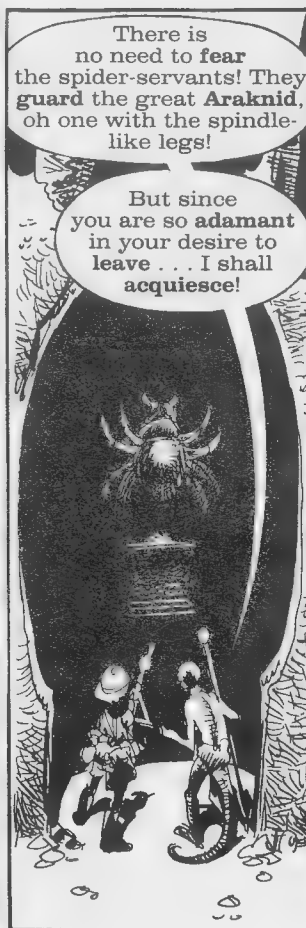
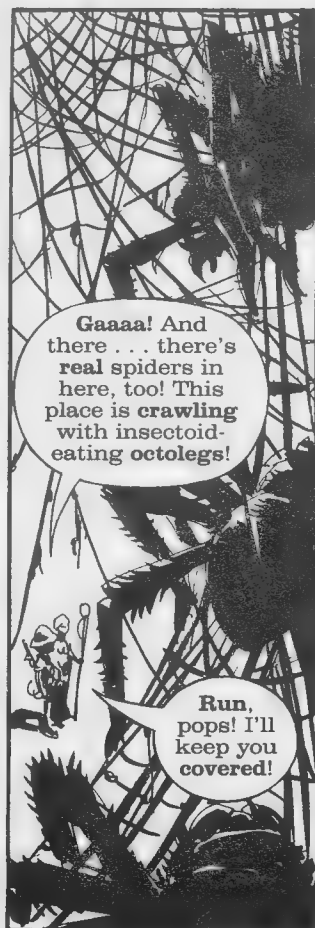
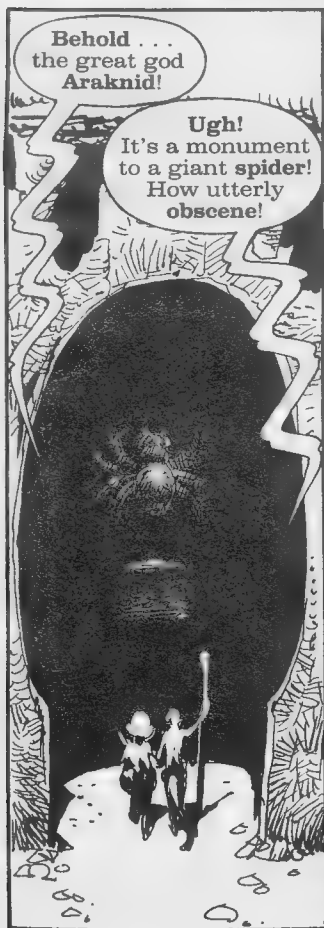
We must pay homage
to the old gods, and bestow upon
you our undying thanks!



Y-you're
grateful? Well
I'll be dipped in
southern-fried
Krom-droppings!

Led by the wizened old man, Z'zitt was brought to a magnificent looming temple, hewn from once-living stone, that, true to all timeless interstellar cliches, was erected by an unknown people who were already old while the still-evolving lizard race was young!

Gigantic stone pillars intricately decorated with ornate alien reliefs, formed a monolithic vestibule which squatted almost obscenely upon the rocky other-worldly landscape.



Entranced by the lure of forbidden wealth, the crafty hunter, ensconced within the privacy of his hut, hatched a bold and daring scheme!

I'll wait until it gets dark, then sneak back to the temple and help myself to those gems. It'll be easy as—! Huh!?



Why it's the chief's daughter! The girl I rescued! No doubt she's here to thank me in some backwards native manner!



Hmmm! Looks like she's going to be real liberal with her gratitude!

The lithesome beauty mounted Z'zitt's horny protuberance . . . and swiveled her lush, scaly hips for some three ecstatic hours in her lascivious display of appreciation. When the inseminating insectoid finally popped his wad, the flow of love juices which spurted deep inside her were like none the girl had ever before felt!



Great spurting Kromsuckers! That's the fifth premature ejaculation I've had this month! Hope she's not angry with me!



During the ecstatic 180-plus minutes of prolonged sensual pleasure, the lizard lovely experienced no less than sixty-four orgasms . . . several of which were the multiple variety, and more than a dozen indescribable rapturic binges, which can only be described as megagagsms!

She then collapsed into a sound and satisfied comatose sleep, totally exhausted!

Gaaa! Those lizards are sexual limp-wads! They have no stamina whatsoever! One quickie . . . and they fizzle out like a dead nova!

But it fits my plans perfectly! Now that I don't have to worry about that scaly snatch . . . I can run off and snatch the jewels!



Haha! Sometimes I dazzle myself with the way I work these things out!

Z'zitt's smug ego evaporated like a fart in an oxy-chamber as he hesitantly entered the dark Temple of Araknid!

Have to overcome my fear of the octoids if I want those stones!

And as I see it, There's only one way to do that...!

Eat lead, y' eight-legged mongolian cornholes!

BDDA-BDDA!
KWOW!
CHOW!
ZING!

Piece of cake! I'm one rich ass mother-jumper!

Slithering Krom-suckers! I forgot one!

It... it's the granddaddy octoleg of 'em all! And it...

BKKA-BAK!
K-CHOW!
DA-DOW!

... it won't die!

BDDA-BDDA-BDOO!

Krom help me! The slithering gut-sucker's gonna eat me alive! N-nooooo!



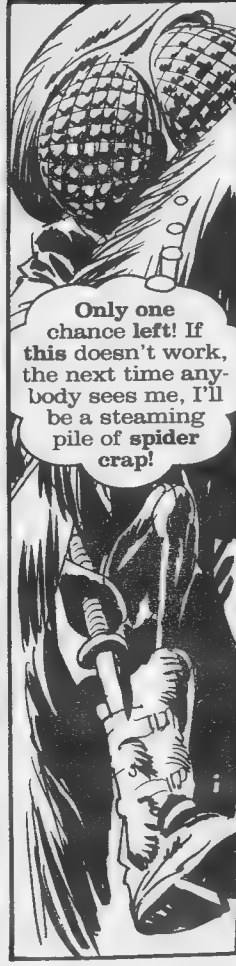
You . . . you won't get me, you fur-licking spurtbag! Let's see y' survive a hit right between your beady eyes!



Futz-stuffing Kromballs! I . . . I'm out of ammo!



It . . . it's gonna eat me . . . !



Only one chance left! If this doesn't work, the next time anybody sees me, I'll be a steaming pile of spider crap!



SLKKKT!

Ease this up your ass, y' crotch-lickin' bum-banger!



Gaaaa! No! Not another one!?



Feet, don't fail me now! Git me outta here whilst there's still enough of me to git!



Stop! Infidel! Defiler of the Holy Sanctum!

OZZZZT!

Slithering Krom-lickers! It . . . it's the old shaman! Sorry about this pops. These jewels are mine!



The old man fell in writhing torment, clutching an amulet hung about his dark neck. It was the amulet of the Great God Araknid . . . ! With his dying breath the ancient shaman muttered a strange intergalactic curse . . . a curse which the power of the amulet was theoretically supposed to fulfill . . . !

Phuck you, schmuckowski . . . !

Many hours and a myriad of miles later. . . !



Once I reach the Crayola IV starpad . . . I can cash in my booty and live like a king!



I'll just sack out next to the fire and in the mornin' I'll . . . be . . . zzzzzzzzzzz!



But no sooner had Z'zitt closed his eyes, than was he awakened by a sharp, stinging prick . . . followed by another and yet a third, fourth, fifth, ad infinitum!



I'm covered with baby octolegs! Great Krom! Those . . . those weren't jewels I stole. . . ! They were . . . spiders' eggs!



With each ravenous bite more nerve-numbing poison was injected into Z'zitt's helplessly prone body!

The paralysis grew ever greater . . . and the intolerable pain more unbearable! The insectoid would have shouted in agony if he could . . .

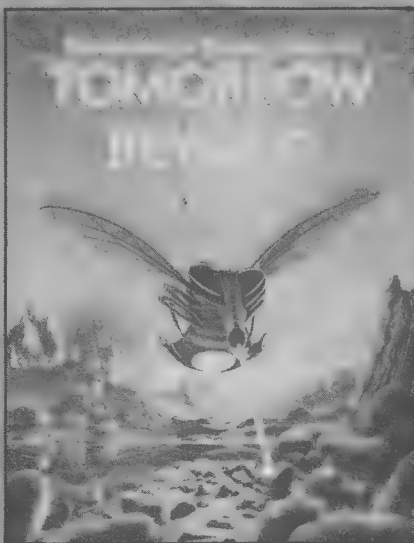
. . . but he was unable to utter a single sound . . . not even a moan or a godforsaken groan! He could only scream in the accursed silent privacy of his own mind . . .



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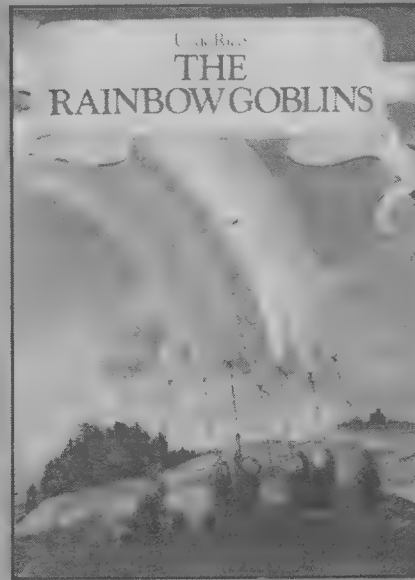
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"LITTLE SPACESHIP A CLASSIC!"

There's a new contributor in 1984 #10 that I simply must compliment. Author John Ellis Sech.

I just read his story "The Little Spaceship That Could," and have found it every bit as intelligent and refreshing as its namesake, the children's classic "The Little Engine That Could."

While the two stories are worlds apart conceptually, both support important tenets with which to live by.

Just as Watty Piper created the seminal children's classic some fifty years ago with "Engine," so has John Ellis Sech created a classic of his own, this one just for us big kids!

FRANCIS GEORGE
Nags Head, Tenn.

If "The Little Spaceship That Could" is a typical example of John Ellis Sech's writing abilities, I sincerely hope we'll be seeing much more of his work in the future.

LINDSAY HAMMOND
Cottage Grove, Wisc.

John Ellis is here to stay, Lindsay. He tries his hand at a time-travelling adventure classic with this issue's "Live Large."

1984'S TINY TERROR STRIKES AGAIN!

Why do you do it? What prompts your seemingly-intelligent editorial staff to buy Rich Margopoulos' illiterate little fantasies? Does he give such good head that you buy his stories just to keep him around? Is he holding someone's pet canary for ransom? Is he a homicidal maniac that you're just trying to humor?

There must be some logical reason, cause I know you guys wouldn't buy a story like "The Klanks Are Coming" without undue outside pressure.

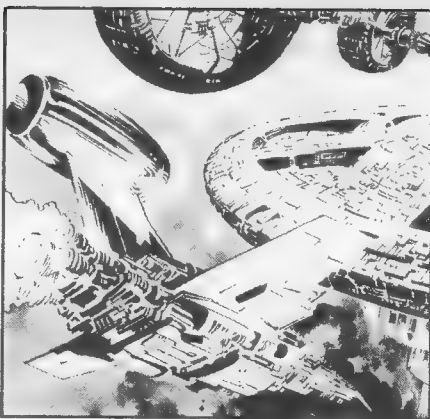
GEORGE CHAMBIRENO
Zuni, N.M.

So the tiny terror of nonsensical nirvana strikes again! Of whom do I speak? Why Rich Margopoulos!

With "The Klanks Are Coming," his latest and most forgettable illiterary masterpiece, he has sunk to new depths of hackmanship. Like all of his so-called "stories" for 1984, "Klanks" has no purpose, makes no sense whatsoever, and in fact, is not even a complete comic story but a simple incident that is neither entertaining nor amusing.

Why are the ramblings of this rabid mental slug allowed to proliferate in such an otherwise excellent magazine?

JOAN PESCARA
Middleport, Ohio



COMICS COOL... FOR SPASTIC RETARDS!

I take issue with Ronn Sutton of Ontario, Canada, whose letter appeared in 1984 #10. He states that comic book readers are spastics, retards, introverts and rejects. IS Sutton implying that merely collecting comic books turns people into social outcasts?

JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS
Los Angeles, Calif.

I don't know about Mr. Ronn Sutton, but I for one have always enjoyed comic books. I also enjoy a psychologically and physiologically normal existence... for a seemingly spastic, retarded, eunuch closet comic book freak.

DALE EVANIER
Spurlock, Calif.

VIC CATAN...PURE AND SIMPLE GENIUS!

I cannot rave enough about the artwork in the story "The Klanks Are Coming," from 1984 #10. I don't know who Vic Catan is or where he comes from. But don't let him go back there. I've never seen such intricate, visually stimulating art! I hope we'll be seeing many more masterworks by Catan in future issues.

ROSCOE LANDS
Unedda, W.V.

You will indeed, Roscoe. Here's just a small taste of that mesmeric Catan magic to come...



'84 ARTISTS, WRITERS IMMATURE PERVERTS?

After perusing your magazine, it has come to my attention that the words provocative and adult, when employed as on your cover, have come to mean blatantly sexual and tastelessly violent.

1984, on the whole, features little more than stories with predominantly nude women doing terribly inane things.

I wonder what has prompted your editors to believe that undraped females being forced or allowing themselves to be both physically and mentally abused, is an "adult" situation?

Series such as Herma and Ghita are insults to any mature person. Only an incompletely developed, grossly warped point of view towards women could have led to the proliferation of the base fantasies found within your magazine. The implication of such fantasies, of course, is that women are to be abused and humiliated by both males and females and should not only accept this fate, but revel in it as well!

Granted, fantasies are little more than recreation of the imagination. But the fantasies displayed within the pages of 1984 indicate that there is some sort of repressed desire on your writers' part to express viewpoints that degrade women. I can only wonder what has led to such twisted mores.

It goes without saying, of course, that 1984 perpetuates a very basic sexist attitude. The magazine's editorial attitude seems to be that women are simply sex objects, to be enjoyed only when in compromising situations which provide a maximum amount of titillation for males.

Certainly anyone who gets his jollies through the sado-masochistic situations found within 1984 is lacking sorely in mature character development. But then, that goes not only for the readers of such a magazine, but for the writers, artists and editorial staff as well, doesn't it?

DAVID E. BRENNAN, Ph.D.
Burlington, Vt.

DUMP ON WHO?

These "Dr. Wertham" letters in 1984, condemning the magazine's use of profanity, nudity and sex, are getting to be a drag.

It's too bad that some people can't just pick up a copy of 1984, admire the art, read the stories and really enjoy every page. That's the main purpose of the magazine, after all... enjoyment and fun. And I feel sorry for anybody who can't see that.

T. DOUGLAS
Ontario, Canada

OUTPOST 1017



Dear Diary: Well, here I am again. Still web-strapped to the control chair! I really don't mind that post ten-seventeen is two hundred meters in diameter... with half of that going to heavy-duty breeder power units... and the other half for sophisticated computer detection gear. I'm left, after all, with a spacious seven feet by three feet! But am I bitching about my miraculous transformation into a human sardine? Hell no! I've always considered myself the commander of a flying coffin, anyway!

I mean, this control chair offers all the comforts of home! I eat here, sleep here, pee and crap here... and even use its twenty-odd pretzel positions to exercise my constrained muscles so they don't atrophy in zero-ges! I'd even no doubt be poundin' my pud here... except that they neutered me with a biolaser before lift-off to curtail my "rampant sex drive!" Right now my balls are freeze dried in a Texas cryo-bak where they'll be surgically reattached at mission's end! I hope the boys at Houston Control are taking good care of 'em for me!

I'm actually not as uptight as I apparently sound! I'm just letting off steam the same way a reactor vents pressure before it explodes. I've been doing the cosmic bondage bit for eight months, three weeks and five days... with ten more months to go! But who's counting...? I'm raking in a small fortune in Immobile Service pay! In fact, I'll lay odds I'm the highest paid space eunuch anywhere!

I know this goddamn computer journal gets beamed back to NASA for a bunch of fart-licking headshrinks to kick around! But I don't give a flying fuck what those cock-grabbing bullshingers think! If nobody likes the job I'm doing... tough titty! It'll take at least two months for a star-tug to recall me. So, screw everybody!

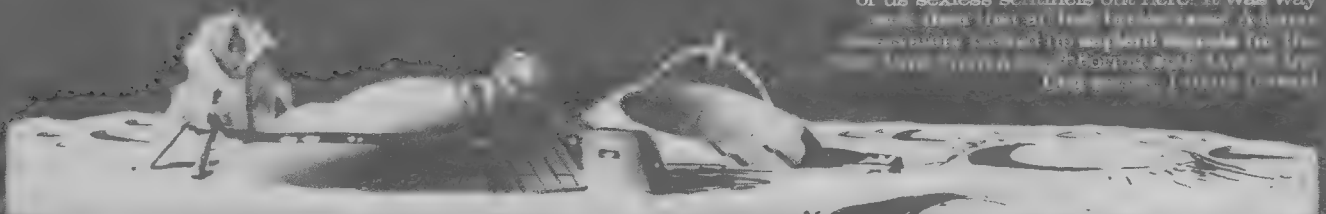
This is Major Henry D. Brawley of Outpost one-zero-one-seven thumbing his nose at the whole mother humping Universe! Over and out!

HaHaHa! It may've sounded like I'm about to go **roid happy**... but what's a guy to do for a little fun when he's away in a plastic closet for



If you can only imagine those crewcut, headphone-wearing NASA engineers with their white shirtsleeves rolled up their elbows, and those smug pipe-puffing astro-psychologists decked out in three piece suits running around scared shitless and pulling their hair out by the handfuls 'cause they think I'm about to **crack up**. Visualize that... then maybe you can appreciate the sordid sense of humor I've cultivated all alone out

'Course back before '04, they didn't have any of us sexless sentinels out here. It was way more like that at first for the same reason. You see, back then, I was one of the most left-winged f---in' liberals here. I was a total hippie. I was a total hippie.



Jesus shit-fucking' Christ! There's life out there! I oughta cop the Nobel Prize for this...!




So what did we do? Did we roll out the red carpet or dust off the welcome mat? Did we send our new neighbors an invitation to come join us for brunch and polite conversation?

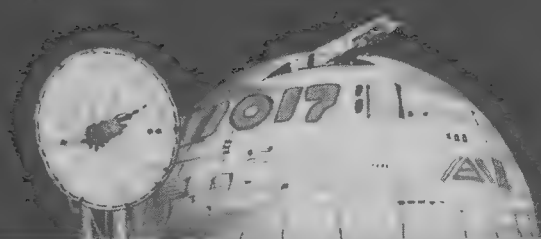
Shit no! Instead we launched the Outpost Program for a measly twenty-seven trillion megabucks... but worth every inflated penny!



A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a hand holding a knife. The hand is positioned as if about to cut, with the knife held between the thumb and index finger. The background is dark and out of focus. Above the hand, the text "can you?" is written in a simple, sans-serif font.



The second attack came and he missed the target and then he was killed in action.



And the third and final time, on the second day, he got on the horn and he made up a rap with the little green beast, before making an undiplomatic move to peace. With a spinning pistol. Save me, he whispered, and the plane left.



Attention, unknown armada! This is outpost ten-seventeen! Repeat . . . **peace!** Do you copy? Acknowledge, please! Speak to me, you slimy mother-jumpers!

At that time, when we heard he had tried to respond, legends were still in motion and that last shot had made down on the ground. At least a piece of it was in the air. When it came to the ground, it was a piece of it. When it came to the ground, it was a piece of it.



In utter desperation, I transmitted another identification call and then a warning threat with Suzie scrambling the message into basic universal mathematical units. But after fifteen minutes of icy silence it was still no go!

Communication mode **negative**, Hank! Total radio silence! speed undiminished . . . distance: five hundred kilometers and **closing fast!** Orders . . . ?

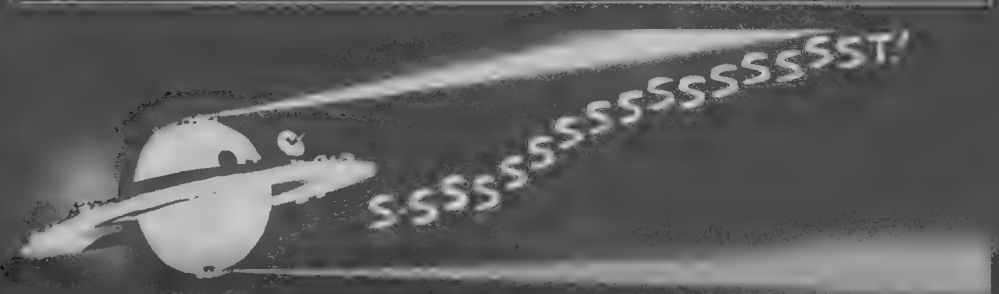
Christ! The bastards were literally forcing my hand! For a split second my mind raced as I hastily juggled a half-dozen alternatives in dealing with the situation! Yet deep inside my sinking gut I **knew** what I had to do!

I **rammed** a special key into a special slot on the arm of the control chair and gave it a sharp twist, nine-ty degrees to the right!



Instantly, the word "armed" flashed out at me on the puter screen, while an array of tiny lights on the console simultaneously winked from icy blue to bright cherry red! I rapidly flicked the proper sequence of switches and did what any sane **Barthung** who was about to drop a load in his exo-suit would do!

I opened fire with both laser batteries

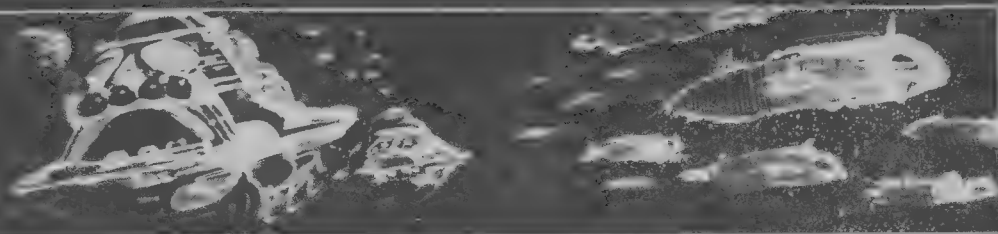


... and let those goddamn invading sonuvabitch aliens have it!

The initial salvos of sapphire high-energy beams burned them good, ripping half their vessels into so much floating flotsam!



That was my own personal way of letting them know I meant business! The remaining ships of the Ceti armada instantly split into two formations and took evasive action by tearing off in opposite directions!



I've got to admit it was an excellent escape play but Suzie was right on top of things and auto-stalked the first group veering to the left.

... ..



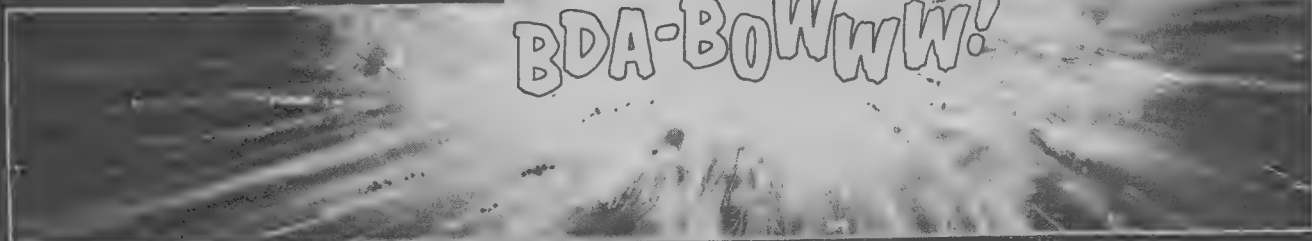
WHAM!


I, meanwhile, manually tracked the second group, swinging around to the right, with the bottomsides lasers. ...!

It just took a second to map the Ceti's movements.



BDA-BOWWW!





It was over. The long, agonizing wait was over. That I was smiling like a kid as I felt a lump in my throat the size of a horse's head, and my heart was beating like a runaway train hammer.

She couldn't find more. Nobody could find a single one! She did, however, pinpoint a record/tape canister and decoded the electromagnetic vibrations of the pulsing message I had received.

It said: "Humanoid species of Earth, we bear you greetings! Long have we monitored your transmission wave-lengths, we deem your world now ready to unite in a lasting alliance of friendship, harmony and trust..."

There was more but I was too sick to listen! Why didn't they contact me? This whole one-sided slaughter could've been averted!

I ordered Suzie to zero in on the wreckage with her video-probe. And when I saw it, suddenly everything clicked into bloody place.

I saw the pulped brains, twisted intestines, shattered bones and torn flesh! The aliens didn't have any communication gear... in fact, they didn't even have any mother-fucking starcraft!

The mutated invasion fleet was really a flock of angry, intelligent space dwellers who died in high-radiation and hard war. They were probably on their way to exchange ambassadors with Earth... when I armed them for declaration of war instead!

Earth, before the birth of man, was a world of primitive beauty and brutality. A planet ruled by giant hulking monsters known as dinosaurs!

King among the dinosaurs was Tyrannosaurus. Invincible in battle, he feared no living creature. Master of all he surveyed, there was no life form within his prehistoric domain that could equal his killing prowess.



None,
that is,
except
... one!

WOW!
THWAM!
KA-CHOW!

Move it, you wimps! Get those 'saur cut up, and do it fast!

Bunky!
Get on the horn and tell the choppers they can pick the meat up in twenty minutes!

Right, Hondo.

LIVE LARGE

And you, faggot! Get a move on! We ain't got all day!

What's the hurry, Hondo? You got a hot date tonight?

Ain't you heard? They're openin' a whore house back on base-camp! We're finally gonna have some entertainment for the battle-weary troops!

Ha! Knowing you, you're not even going to take the time to wash off the stink of 'saur guts before jumpin' one of them little tails!

Kid, this is a hard life we gotta get through. If you want t'get through it with your head in one piece, you gotta learn to live large!

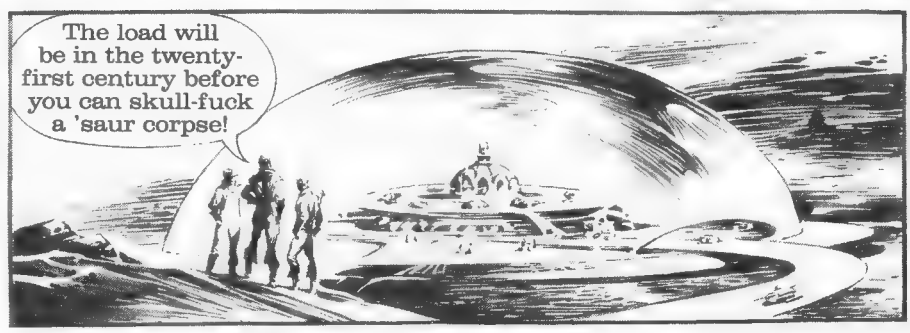
Now let's get that meat loaded! I can smell the tantalizin' aroma of fresh pussy from here!



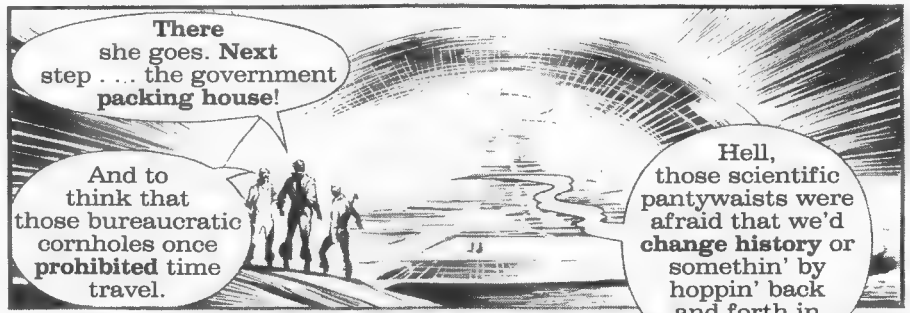
Good show, Hondo. You guys really outdid yourselves this trip. The Secretary will probably be sending down a bonus for this load.



Yeah. This much meat should knock the price of hamburger way down back home.



The load will be in the twenty-first century before you can skull-fuck a 'saur corpse!



There she goes. Next step ... the government packing house!

And to think that those bureaucratic cornholes once prohibited time travel.

Hell, those scientific pantywaists were afraid that we'd change history or somethin' by hoppin' back and forth in time!



Thank God for the Marinis Principle. It proved that history would be changed without time travel. Mikkilo Marinis showed beyond doubt that all the important developments in Earth's history came about because of the interference of time travelers ...!

Hey, Einstein!

If you're finished astoundin' us with your wit and wisdom, how about haulin' your ass over here so's we can bug out!



My mouth's so dry I'm spittin' cotton! And m'dick's cryin' out t'be drowned in the moist essence of a succulent lovebox!

I'm with you, my man! I can't wait to start pickin' hairs out of my teeth!



Hot damn!
Pussy! Just lay
'em down and spread 'em
wide, ladies! Old Bunky is
hot and heavy
t'night!



Hey,
Hondo! Get on
over here before I
smother in all
this lovin'!

You go
'head an' start
without me,
Bunk...



I just seen
somethin'
that's infini-
tely more
interestin'!

Well
if it ain't
**Fast Hands
Harry!**

Screw
off, hunter!
Y'smell like
'saur guts!



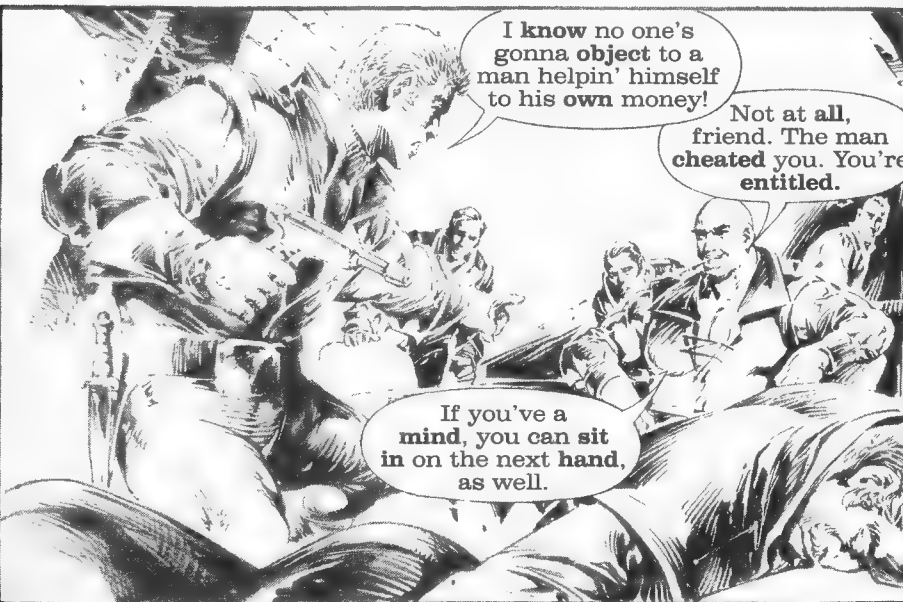
Maybe
it ain't me
you smell, cardshark,
but the stench of
a scumsuckin'
cheat!

You arrogant
fool! Are you
implying—?



I'm implyin'
that you took me for
three grand the last
time we met, Harry!

KASH!



I know no one's
gonna object to a
man helpin' himself
to his own money!

Not at all,
friend. The man
cheated you. You're
entitled.

If you've a
mind, you can sit
in on the next hand,
as well.



Deal.

Several hours later.

Goddamn, Eddie! You won again! You're the luckiest son of a bitch I've ever seen!

Not luck, friend. Skill!

A gambler who relies on luck is a fool! Card playing is a science, and—!

And cheating is part of that science, eh, "friend!"

What's that supposed to mean, wise ass?

Just this, you cheatin' pile of shit!

GAAAAAAAAA!

THAK!

I'm gonna cut you open like a stinkin' 'saur, motherfucker . . .!

Goddamn! Eddie's been hidin' cards up his sleeve!

You can try, asshole . . .! But you ain't got a prayer!

Don't mind if I do, pal!

Nice goin, Harry! The dumb shit never even suspected that you and I are a team!

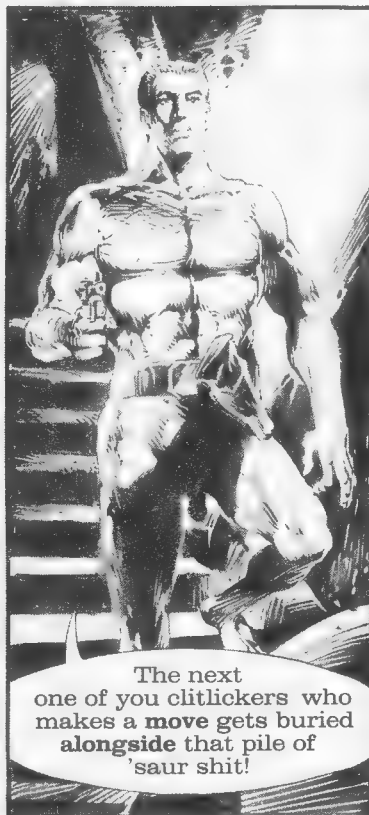
Slash him, man! Finish him!



Sorry.
Harry! I can't let
you do that!

ALIEEEEEEE!

W-wha...?!



The next
one of you clitlickers who
makes a move gets buried
alongside that pile of
'saur shit!



Boy, you
'saur hunters
are dumb! You
think only
Eddie and Harry
are in
cahoots?!

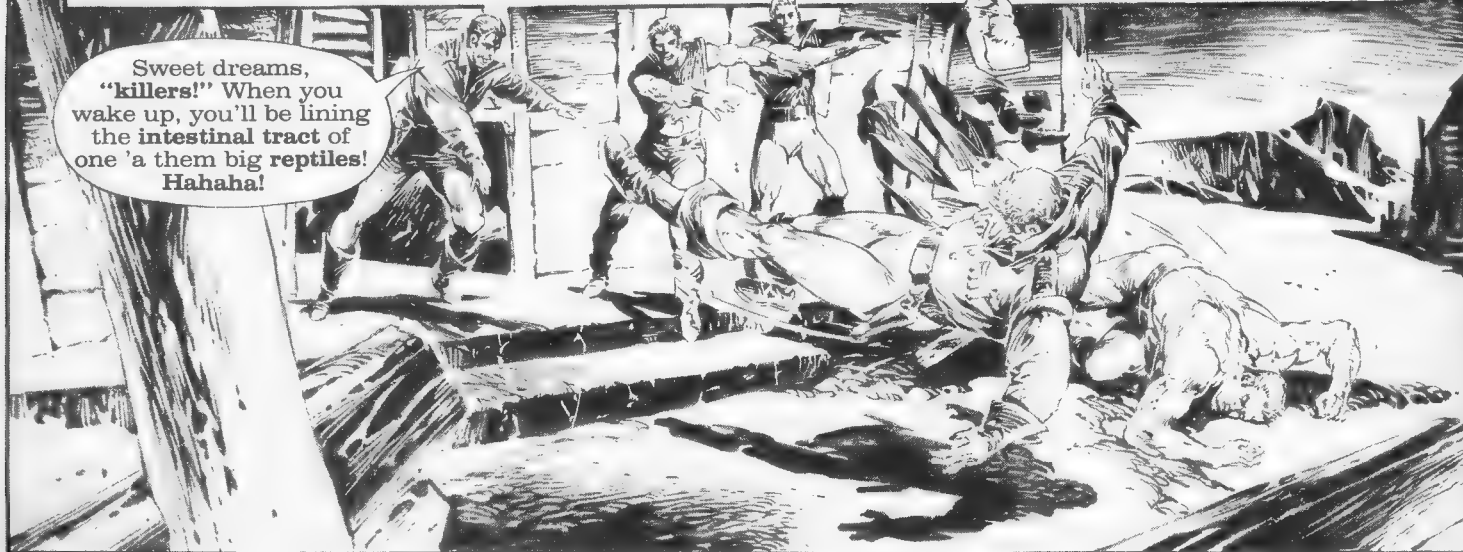
WAKK!

Shit!
It's all of
us, man!



Nice
goin', Joey.
You and the other
boys drag them cunts
to the outskirts of
the base-camp.

We'll let
the 'saur nibble on
'em for awhile!



Sweet dreams,
"killers!" When you
wake up, you'll be lining
the intestinal tract of
one 'a them big reptiles!
Hahaha!

Hours pass. Night descends upon the Earth of fifty million years past. Hondo tosses fitfully... until a golden yellow stream cascades off the cliff above him, splashing warm, soothing liquid on his face.

Hey...! W-what's goin' on? Ooh my head...!

Oh shit...! You... you pissed on me!

Sorry about that, pard. I didn't know no one was sleepin' in m' pissin' place!

All's I kin say is... it's a good thing y' didn't find m' shittin' hole!

Bunk! Hey, Bunky! Wake up, goddamnit!

Ooooooh! H-Hondo!?

Now I remember! Those... those lousy grannygrabbers! They left us out here... to die!

You're not gonna let them get away with all this?

At least they had the decency to leave your clothes. Put 'em on! I've got a plan.

Later... back at the "gaming house!"

Hold up, stupid. You'll only get yourself killed! They've obviously got us outgunned!

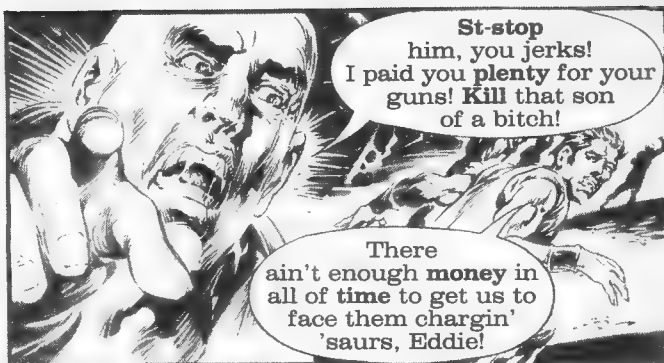
Jesus! No! Stampede!

It's a stinkin' 'saur stampede... headin' this way!

Holy shit! What's all that racket outside? Joey... take a look!



Yeeeeeeha!
I'm comin'
t'get you,
Eddie!



St-stop
him, you jerks!
I paid you plenty for your
guns! Kill that son
of a bitch!

There
ain't enough money in
all of time to get us to
face them chargin'
'saur, Eddie!



You
stop 'em! If
you can!



Sorry,
scumnuts! Your
ass is mine!



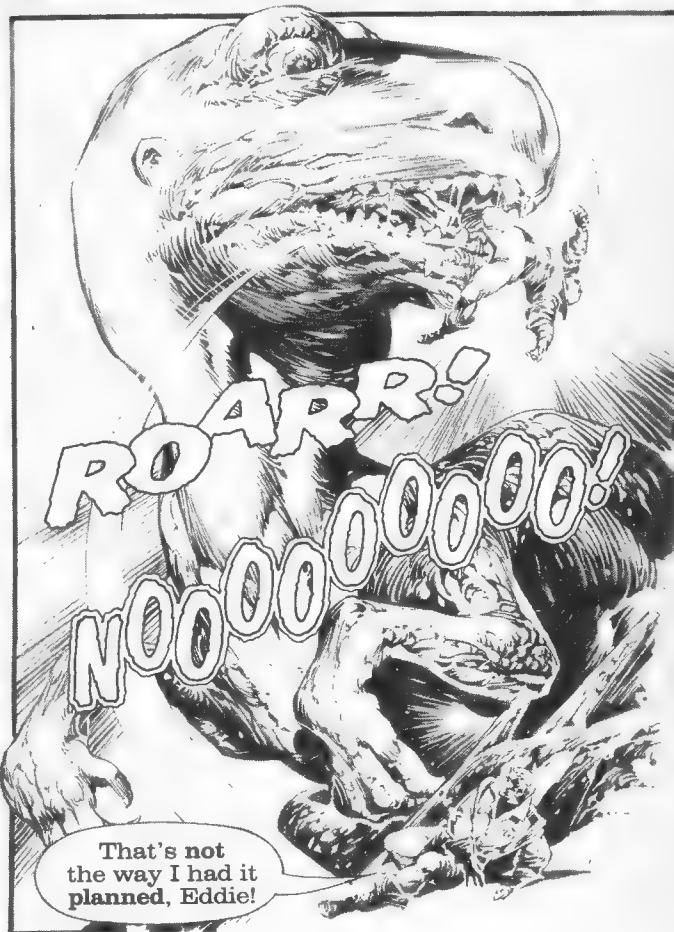
Oof!

N-nooooo!
Nooooo!

Stay away
from me, you
stinkin' 'saur
hunter ...



... or you're
gonna burn in
hell!



ROARR!
NOOOOOOOOOOO!

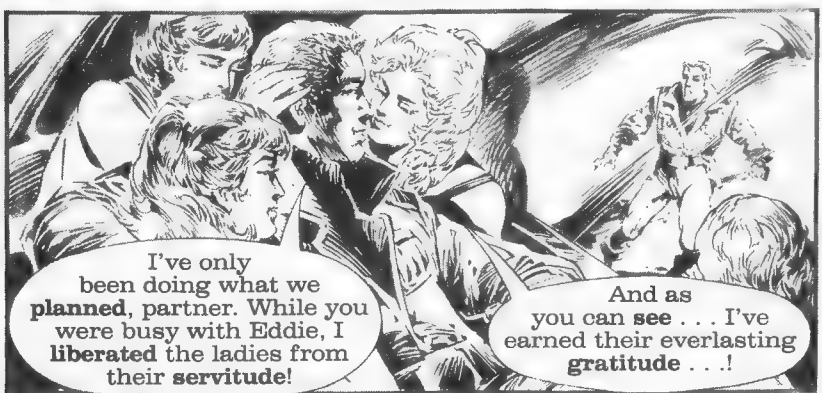
That's not
the way I had it
planned, Eddie!



I'd better move fast or I'll end up as a dino-dinner just like Eddie.



Bunky! Hey, Bunk, m'man ... where the hell are you?



I've only been doing what we planned, partner. While you were busy with Eddie, I liberated the ladies from their servitude!

And as you can see ... I've earned their everlasting gratitude ...!



Put this thing in gear and let's blow this dump, Bunk-o! The party's over ...



... and we've still got some large livin' to do!



The starfire Saga

No quarter,
me buckos! Kill
the Federation dogs
before fate robs
you of the
sport!

The starship's glistening metal hull screams, buckles then explodes inwards. Precious oxygen which is so necessary to sustain human life, is sucked wholly into the lifeless black cold of space. With it, flees any chance of survival for the doomed crew of the Sunblaster.



Not a one of them'll escape us, Long John! We'll have their lives and the booty they're carryin'!

In an undamaged section of this starfreighter the ship's crippled surgeon and a pretty young stowaway named Kris Steamer Starfire nervously follow the vessel's captain as he races for the armament hold . . . !

The crew, Captain . . . ! They don't have a chance!

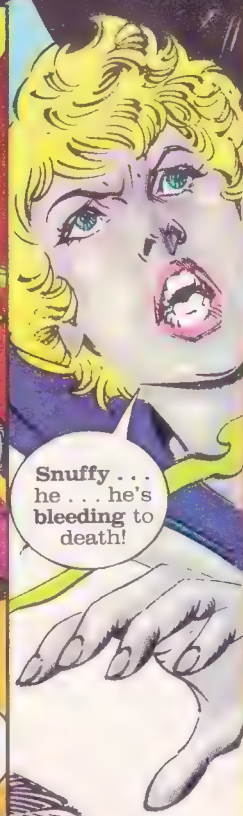
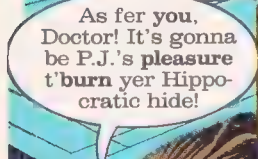
Murdering pirate dogs! They don't care if a ship's unarmed . . . or if it's only cargo is badly-needed medical supplies . . . !


They'll kill anybody or anything who gets in the way of their looting!

They'll kill us when they find us, as well, Snuffy . . . but do worse things to the girl! If we can't hold them off, get her into the shuttle and off the ship.


If you don't—!

Captain!—somebody's coming!






Leave me!? With those cutthroats overrunning the ship? Hell, I'll live about as long as a dazed flea on a dog prick! I'm going with you, girl!




Oh, Doctor! They've found us...




Hurry, Doctor! Get in the shuttle! I'll hold them off!

A girl! Bring her to me, me buckos and we'll all dip it tonight!


Sounds like one wild-ass party you've got planned, fishdick. Too bad I'm going to have to decline your gracious invitation!



They're escaping! Stop them!



The crippled doctor hobbles hurriedly into the ship and the girl bounds in after him with a flurry of deadly laser blast singeing the path behind her



And a little extra retro blast won't do these chicken-reamers inside a helluva lot of good, either!

WHOM!

Stand back, Snuffy! You're going to need a pilot trained in evasive combat flying to get past those pirate fighters outside!

AIIEEEEE!

She... she's roasting us...



Look out, child!
There's a dozen ships out
here . . . all waiting to shoot
down fleeing cowards like
ourselves!

KOW!



It'll take more
than a meager dozen
of them to find us
once we reach that
planetoid!



If we
reach the
planetoid,
child!

WHUM!

That laser
blast just melted
our stabilizer!
There's no way we
can steer this
thing!



And within one of
the pursuing
pirate
fighters . . . !

Hahaha! You guys
see the little joybox inside
that shuttle? Sheeeit! I'm
gonna get me a piece'a that
'fore this day is through!



We . . . we're
crippled! We'll
never get past
those warships!


We're
as good as
dead!

Not yet
we're not,
Doctor!




There's only one way
to evade those bloodsuckers and
ditch this ship safely . . . ! With
Emergency Academy Maneuver
number one!

Academy!? The
Star Patrol Academy?
But . . . how could you know
about that?




No time to explain now, Doc. Just hang onto your gravboots . . . we're accelerating to warp four . . . !

A-a-accelerating!? No, child! You'll kill us! You don't have control of the ship!




We're dead if we don't try, Snuffy!

It's our only chance!




We're outdistancing them! If only we can hit the planetoid's thin atmospheric layer at just the right angle . . . !

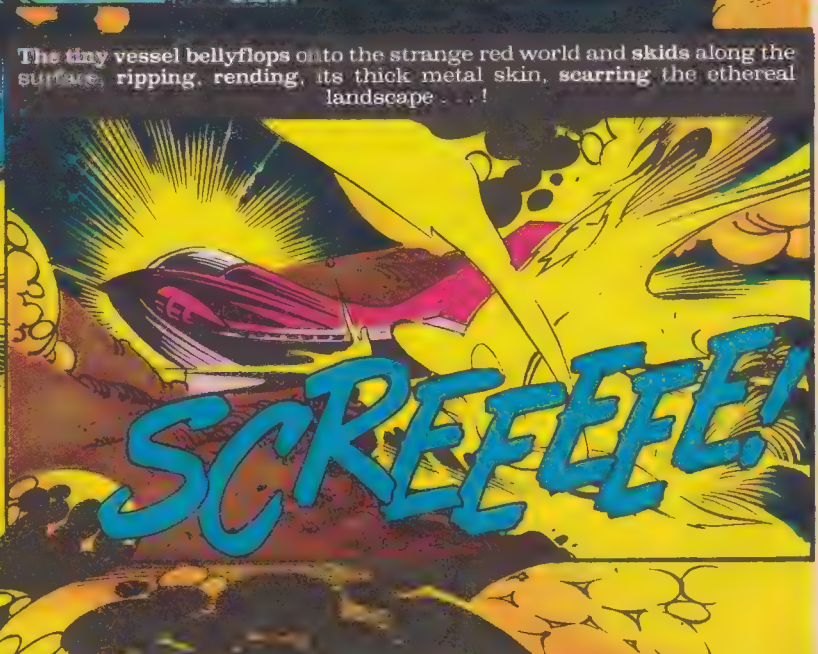


The sphere's natural gravitational pull will suck us into a decaying orbit . . .

. . . and hopefully slow us down enough to land safely!



You're going in too fast! Those rocks! We . . . we're going to crash!!



The tiny vessel bellyflops onto the strange red world and skids along the surface, ripping, rending, its thick metal skin, scarring the ethereal landscape . . . !

KASH!

SCREEEE!

until it slides to a
smoking, rocking, groaning
stop...

Oh, lord...
oh, Jesus! We...
we're alive!

And in
some kind of
alien swamp!

But the ship
... it's being sucked
into this gooey red
quicksand!

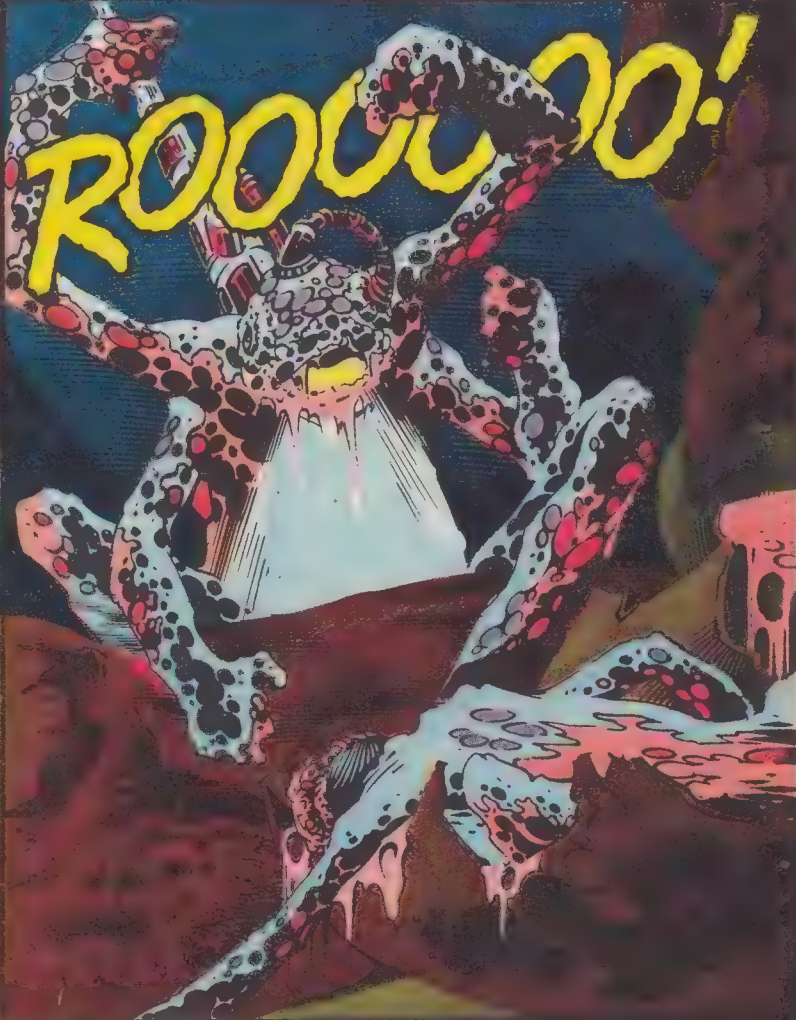
This muck
has a bottom I
can walk!

Save yourself,
child! I'll never be able
to wade through quicksand
on crutches!

Ahhhh! Dry land
and a thin but breathable
atmosphere. What more can
two bum-lucked castaways
ask for?

Whatever
it is, it's just
on the other side
of this hill...
coming from near
those rocks we
splintered!

Good lord!
What's that
ungodly howl?



Rocks!? I don't think so, child. They look more like eggs. That creature's eggs. Our forced landing killed it's unborn babies!

It... it's crying, Doc! It's one of the saddest sounds I've ever heard!

ROOOOOO!

Before they can take more than a dozen steps, however, some alien sense alerts the creature to their presence.

Doctor!
It's coming for us!

We'd best find ourselves some place to hide, child, or I've a hunch that creature will be extracting cries like that from us!

And instantly it shoots out a blinding, searing, flesh-rending beam of blinding yellow fire!

It... it's trying to kill us...!

Oh, Snuffy...
I... I'm burning up!

We... we don't have a prayer!

GHITA

OF ALIZARR

BY FRANK THORNE

Ghita, the royal mistress, Thenef the sham wizard and Dahib, half-troll of Zephyran, journeyed north from Alizarr. Their goal, to reach the caverns beneath Mt. Drome, and to build an army with which to invade the fallen city, still lay before them. On their journey, the trio stopped at an inn, and found that the occupants of the tavern had been brutally slain by three renegade Trolls. Unable to restrain their anger, Ghita and her comrades battled with the trolls, killing the lizard-men. Through the use of the magical gem, the eye of Tammuz, Ghita then prepared to restore life to the victims of the slaughter - thus gaining their undying allegiance!

Dead. Every one. These days the stretch of death seems to follow us like Khalia's troops chasing maidens down the alleys of Ohmzorr.

The gem will breathe life into them. They will be my first recruits.

The dead shall rise and win in the liberation of Alizarr, eh Thenef?

Be wary, Ghita. Strong magic is fickle. The results may harvest good or evil, with ill the bounty.

Let them be! It is the will of fate!

Quiet, old fool! I will have an army! I will lead that army over the walls of Alizarr and drive the lizard-men to beyond the plains of Minga!

In the name of Chyrese of Baalzaara, Tyana of Nephys, Zohra and Dahlia of Boleth and Ghita of Alizarr ...

... restore life to the dead!

Again and again, Ghita thrusts the gem into the puckered wounds of the dead. She shouts the magical command repeatedly to no avail. The bodies remain inert.

They march only to the drums of death.

You try it, Thene! Take the jewel and try it!

I'm a better poet than wizard... and a better thief than either.

Try it, you humbug!

Thene drones an ancient Urdian incantation. He passes the gem over the forms again and again. And, nothing. In exasperation, he clucks, pops, dances, spins, shouts and hops on one leg. Still nothing.

They be without life, my Goddess.

A pox on them! Let them rot!

Disregarding a command in Ghita's army is forbidden!

The gem! A dung-ball would have done as well! I'll cast it into the turdpits at Drome!

Perhaps the failure lies with us, not the stone, child. Keep it! It is still a powerful talisman.

Thene! Explain its failure! It's as much of a fake as you are.

Come! The day has been long. We can sleep in the upper rooms.

Leaving the inn behind, the morning light finds the trio in the foothills of the Karazzian mountains.

The night fills Ghita's dreams with visions of fiery conquest. But there is another fire within Ghita of Alizarr...! A fire between her lotus.

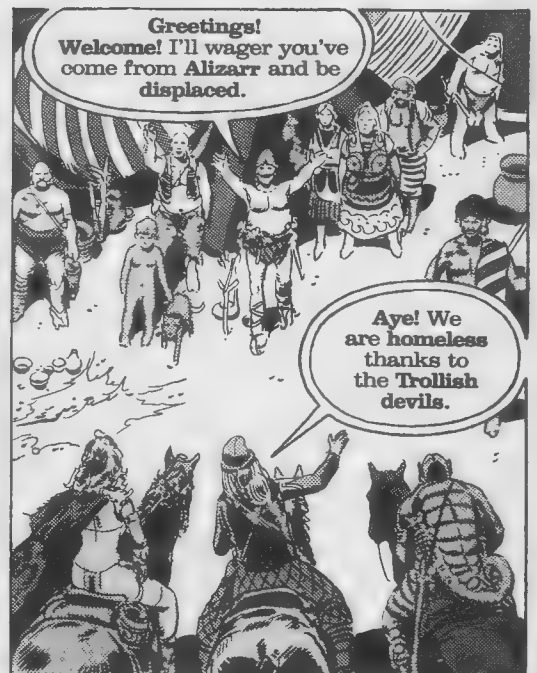
She draws close to Thener as he dozes. Ghita's appetite will be satisfied. But still, her experiences with younger men stirs a yearning for the durability and rigid impetuosity of youth.



It is a settlement ... or squatters. Perhaps an encampment.



An encampment of refugees from Alizarr.



Greetings! Welcome! I'll wager you've come from Alizarr and be displaced.

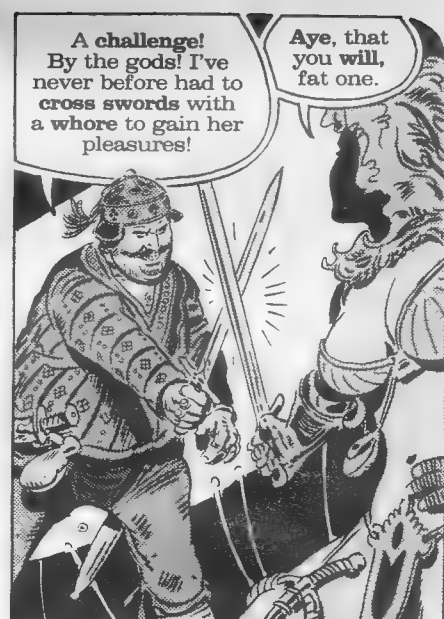
Aye! We are homeless thanks to the Trollish devils.

Ghita's appearance creates a silent wave of awe among the exiles. The awkward quiet is broken by muffled chuckles, then laughter. Ghita remains poised, and stares them down. Only Tulu, the rich merchant of Alizarr, recognizes the harlot-turned-royal concubine.



By the breath of Tammuz ... It ... it's Ghita of Alizarr!

Now that Khalia is dead, you'll return, no doubt to peddling your bum to those not so fortunate as to wear a crown!



Ghita releases the prostrate merchant. Tidzio struggles to his feet and explodes with laughter. "Well done!" he cries. "Tis Ghita, the Wench of Alizarr, and she wields a sword as well as any man!" Ghita speaks to Tidzio and the exiles of her plan to drive the Trollish forces from Alizarr.

Boldarr of Nepthys
... the whore-
monger! I'll wager it
was he who trained
you in the use
of the blade.

Nay! T'was Khan-Dagon
who taught me, though he
be dead since the third
siege! This is his sword.
It gives me this skills,
I know not how.

I took it from
his tomb, but lost
myself in the taking.
I don't know who
I am these days.

Khan-Dagon!
The son of a
pukepig, is within
me. He drives me
to put Nergon
and his pets
to rout.

Talk of such
things confuse me.
I know only what I
see ... which is a
pussy with a good
sword arm. That's
enough in itself
to send Nergon
running!

I'm off to the caverns.
Those grottoes hold a
swarm of halftrolls who will
be stinging Nergon's bum by
greenharvest time.

Come, Goddess.
The entrance to
the caves is just
beyond that rise.

Ghita, your
spirit could inspire
a squad of dwarfs to
attack an army
of giants!

What name do
you go by?

I am Temmen
of Alizarr. I
hunger to see
the Trolls driven
from my city.

Join us, Temmen.
What you lack in
knowledge of war-
fare will be offset
by your handsome
face.

"No one knows when the mountain last breathed fire." Dahib shouts as they near the entrance to the caverns. "The trolls of this mountain are the most powerful of the trolls. They are the trolls of the mountain. They are the trolls of the mountain. They are the trolls of the mountain. None of my kind have ever ventured so far along the many tunnels that undermine its bosom."

The opening is up beyond the rock fall. We'd best tether our horses here.

Gozal!

Dahib Salih! Welcome to you and your comrades.

The vaulted main room of the caverns glow with natural luminescence as Dahib introduces Ghita and her companions to the exiles from Trollish Zephyran.

This be Raffi and Nissan. Their knowledge of the Trollish military will be of great help, my goddess.

There are others here who have served in the Troll armies as well!

I would be honored if Golden Hair would take my antechamber. It is by far best here in new Zephyran.

This night we will feast in honor of your arrival.

Thenef, they are all like Dahib . . . innocent and trusting! Let's hope they can fight as well.

There are scant enough here to invade Alizarr. They would be slaughtered every one.

That night, the arching limestone walls echoed with the sound of a magnificent banquet. A banquet of peace and plenty, served with rounds of gratitude for all Dahib had done by the canyon walls his chosen exploits with enthusiasm upon the limitless virtues of his Goddess.

Golden-haired Ghita, our Goddess, has finally come to save us from sin . . . and lead us from darkness!

We would worship her, and she will lead us to glory over the plains to Alizarr, where we will live as freemen in plenty.

Dahib! You have been afar too long.

As slaves in Zephyran we were forbidden a god. . . !

But here in the caves we now have a deity.

Who be you, ancient one?

I am Sef, vicar of Drill, the supreme God of all Halftrolls.

Drill is a jealous God. He would alone be worshipped!

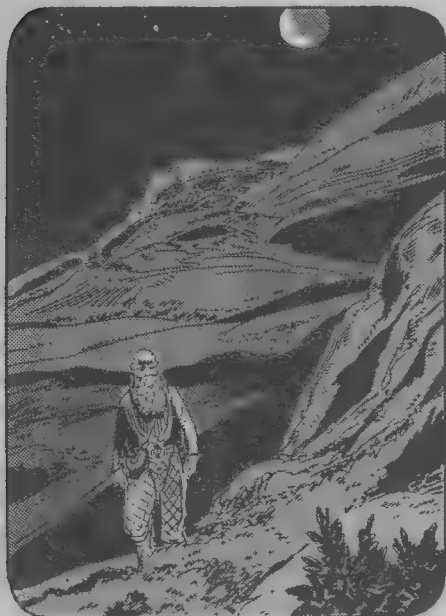
And he will destroy false Gods and Goddesses!

Gozal, what of this?

The old fool dwells deep in the caverns. He preaches that Drill, a great God, lives in the far tunnels.

None have ever seen of what he speaks. But we have heard terrible sounds and rumblings from within the mountain.

Temmen-what say we amble out and get some air. This dung about Gods has me about to toss my gutmush.



The days that follow the feast are spent in preparation for the siege of Alizarr. Ghita and her lieutenants teach the Halfrolls the art of warfare. The military genius of Khan-Dagon becomes manifest in the blonde woman. . . ! She struts among the trainees like a tribal chieftain. At first her leadership commands respect, then pious adoration. The cave dwellers of Drome have chosen their deity.

They understand that victory at Alizarr will mean a new homeland for us all, my Goddess.

We need double their number.

Perhaps we can enlist men from Nephys.

Nay! Word of conspiracy might reach Nergon.



Weeks pass, and the fledgling army of the Goddess of Halfrolls is born.

As the chanting stops, and a croaking voice is heard from the tunnels.



Ghita! Ghita! Ghita



Death!

Death! Death!

Sef shuffles out of the shadowy passageway.

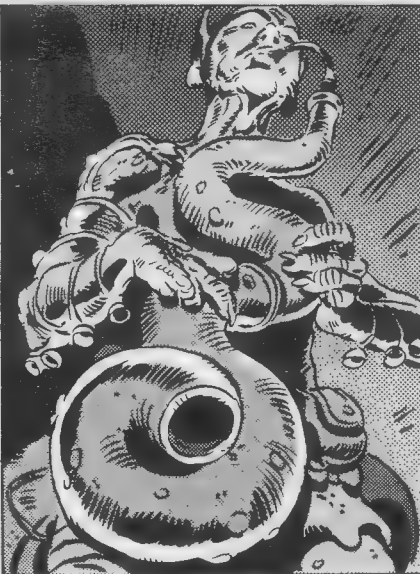
The priest of Drill puts the serpent horn to his lips . . .

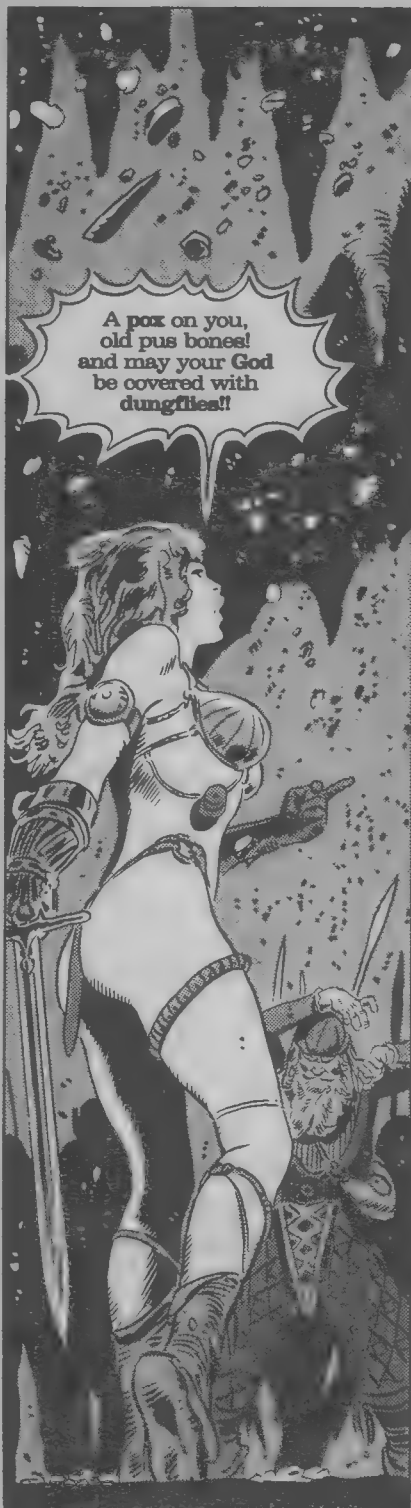
. . . and horrid walls of unholy sound flood the chamber.



Death to Ghita! Drill commands it!

Drill is angry! I will show you his wrath!

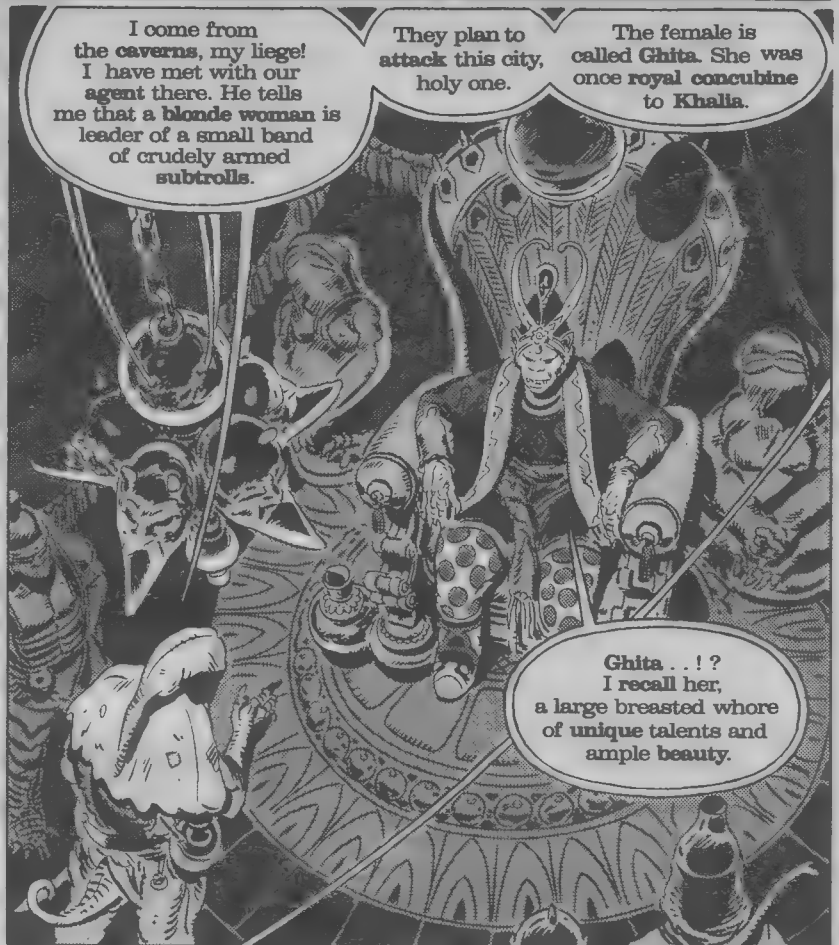




A pox on you,
old pus bones!
and may your God
be covered with
dungflies!!

The howling blasts are amplified by the jagged ceiling of the cavern. The infernal melody resounds through the underground chambers, and is answered by a thunderous groan from the far interior of the mountain. An ominous tremor shakes the grottoes of the Halftrolls. Silt and small pieces of stoney icicles shower down upon Ghita's troops. Then... Sel returns to his lair, near the nesting place of the God of the hellish inner regions of Drome.

Word of Sel and his secret mission Alizarr. A menacing apprehension. Nergon, the Trollish emperor, as he sits upon the throne of Khalla.



I come from
the caverns, my liege!
I have met with our
agent there. He tells
me that a blonde woman is
leader of a small band
of crudely armed
subtrolls.

They plan to
attack this city,
holy one.

The female is
called Ghita. She was
once royal concubine
to Khalla.

Ghita...!?
I recall her,
a large breasted whore
of unique talents and
ample beauty.

She believes her-
self to be possessed
by the spirit of Khan-
Dagon, the pig who led
Khalla's army against us
in our first assaults
on Alizarr.

Carry
a message to our
operative in the
caves.

Tell
him to kill
the woman.



Amusing...!
Khan-Dagon did
possess many
women while he
still lived.



The passing days of mixed training find Thenef weary. He seeks the comfort of the open night air. The wizard must ponder his feelings for his thoughts are troubled. Has Ghita been seeing Temmen these nights?

The old wizard and Ghita are a study in contrast. His pounding no doubt has made Ghita less desirous of old pork. She has been cool to Thenef of late. The cave living and war games must leave her disinclined. But she seems steady enough to serve a young stallion.

Even as Thenef broods, the furtive form of Temmen passes on the path below him. "Tammitz!" the old wizard whispers. "Thank you! I'll soon know if the stallion is meeting with Ghita. He be sneaking along like his jungs are in need of a bouncing."



As silent as a shadow, Thenef follows Temmen. Suddenly, a cowed figure steps from a row of huge boulders. The stealthy wizard inches to within earshot of the two.



What is master Nergon's bidding?

He wishes you kill the woman called Ghita!



You will then return to Alizarr with her head. His excellency wishes to add it to his collection!

Easily done. The sow is smitten with my stamina at pounding her wet notch. I've pumped her often, and she would have it again tomorrow night! She'll die beneath me in the weeds!



I'll give her teats an extra squeeze for you, Ogun, just before I sink my dirk into her sweating belly.



Thenef knows he should kill the assassin on the spot. Yet, he but watches as Temmen returns to the caverns. He would speak to Ghita first. He would want her to know the true nature of her young lover. Secretly, Thenef knows, he will relish the girl's reaction.

On his way to Ghita's antechamber, Thene! begins to feel less triumphant in his discovery of Temmen's treachery. What if Ghita disbelieves his story? He will be cast as a jealous fool, and a teller of tall tales. He must choose his words well! But alas, he does not. His inner feelings toward her, and his thinly veiled hatred of Temmen, weaken his testimony.

You envious old clown! So you'll have me believe my pretty boy is in league with Nergon.

I'd sooner tell you that I've been letting Dahib into my britches.

Believe that, and I'll believe your yarn about Temmen.

You would be with him tomorrow night even so?

Yes, I will, you meddling humbug! And just where I belly-up with him I'll not say! I'll not have you spying on my private affairs!

I don't belong to you, Thene! We travel together . . . ! Whatever tumbumping comes of that is your due. I've never denied you your share!

But don't you deny me my share of freedom!

I'll be with whom I choose.

Even if your choice be a cut-throat and a treacherous liar?

Hair-balls of dung! I'll really give you something to be jealous about! Let me describe my pretty boy's cock!

It be twice the size and firmness of yours, old bugger! I squat on it, kiss it, stroke it, pet it, take it sideways, backwards and ram it in my ear!

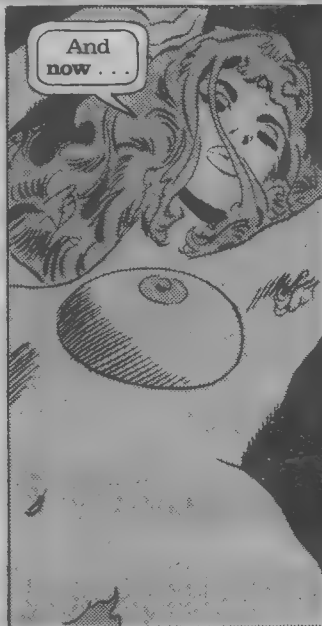
Neither you nor Khan-Dagon has domain over this part of Ghita!

By the black devils of Urd, I be a warrior not of my choosing . . . but I'll still be a woman!

The next day, during the confusion of mock battle on the flatlands beside the caverns, Thenef loses track of Ghita. The fading light of afternoon and the swarm of halftrolls seem to have swallowed both Temmes and the girl. The wizard and Dahib set out across the slopes in hope of finding the pair.



The edge of night moves slowly across two figures in the long shadows of Mt. Drome.





Ghita watches in awe, as death ends the spell of dark necromancy that transposed the reptilian form of a Troll into a beautiful human lad. . . !

Sorcery!
Trollish deviltry! I'll wager
it be a lizardman from
Alizarr.

Hahaha!

Haha!

Thenef! Hear
this! Ghita
has been tum-
bumping with
a Troll!

And the frigging
dungworm has likely fed
every detail of our
battle plan to Negron.

I've been
a fool Thenef.
Forgive me . . .
please!

When the wizard and Dahib reach Ghita's side, it is a sobering reunion for the threesome. One that will not be soon forgotten.

It be the
work of Nergon's
magicians. And it
has cost us whatever
element of surprise
we might have had in our
assault strategy.

An odd
troll, my Goddess.
He's missing his
pisspipe!

There are
few of this
breed. They use
them to guard
the harems of
Baalzarra.

All would seem lost. Even
so, Ghita and her ragtag ar-
my must attack. But not
before the goddess does
battle with Drill, the
mighty Coo of the caverns.

HAXTUR

The land is blanketed with an ethereal silence; an ominous, oppressive silence that is virtually unnoticed by the man so lost in his own tormented thoughts.

He has roamed this land for days now, puzzling over how it is he came to be here . . . why he is here . . . and indeed, where even here is!

I can't figure it. One minute I'm fighting a South American revolution! The next, I'm in this timeless never-never land fighting for my life!*

What is this place? Another planet . . .? Another dimension . . .? Some long-forgotten lost continent? God, how I wish I knew!

Suddenly, the eerie stillness is shattered.

I've been waiting for you, Haxtur! It's taken you quite a while to get here.

W-who are you? How do you know my name? And . . . and how did you know I'd be here?

You ask a lot of questions.

Follow me. You'll have your answers soon enough!



You must cross this bridge, Haxtur. You are to cut down the tree which grows at the rise of that hill!

Cut down a tree? What the hell for?

Don't dare question me, fool! Simply obey! Though you couldn't refuse my command if you wanted to.



She... she's right! I don't want to cross this bridge! But... I... I'm being moved by some powerful force that's taken control of my will!



Good god...! And I'm obviously not the first person she's controlled this way.



But why? What sinister reason does she have to make me her puppet?



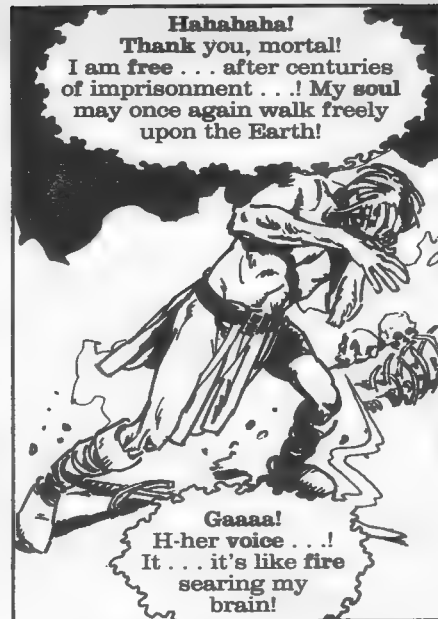
And why
am I supposed to
cut down a dead
tree...?

THAK!



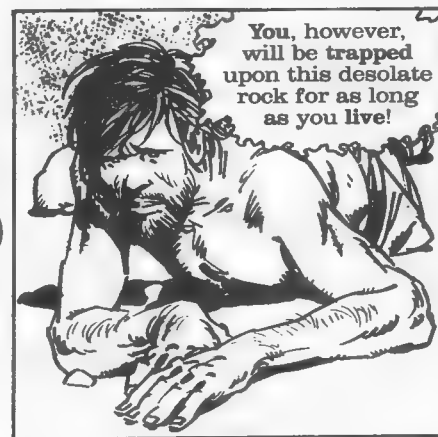
Holy Christ!
It... it's a woman! The
same woman who's entranced
me! She's floating out of
the tree like some
liberated spirit!

I... I'm
having a goddamned
nightmare!



Hahahaha!
Thank you, mortal!
I am free... after centuries
of imprisonment...! My soul
may once again walk freely
upon the Earth!

Gaaaa!
H-her voice...!
It... it's like fire
searing my
brain!



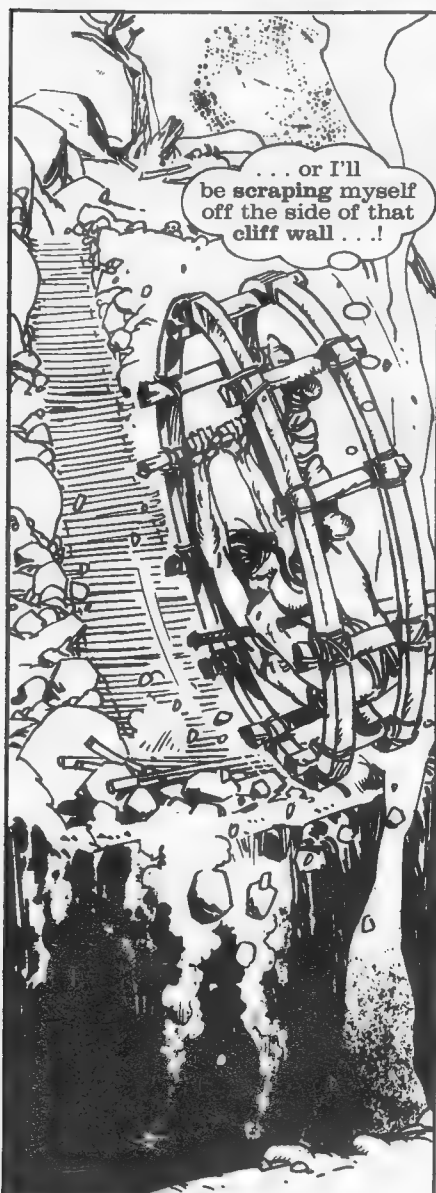
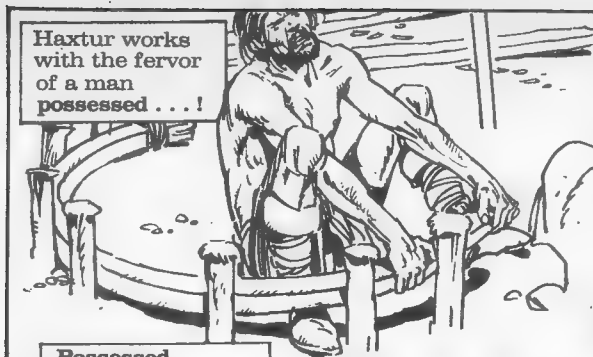
You, however,
will be trapped
upon this desolate
rock for as long
as you live!

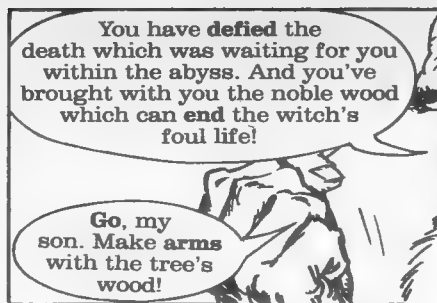
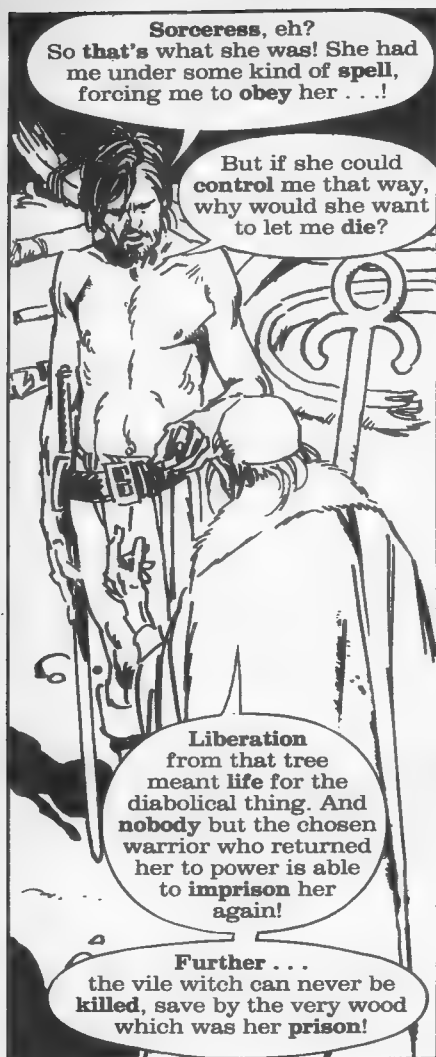


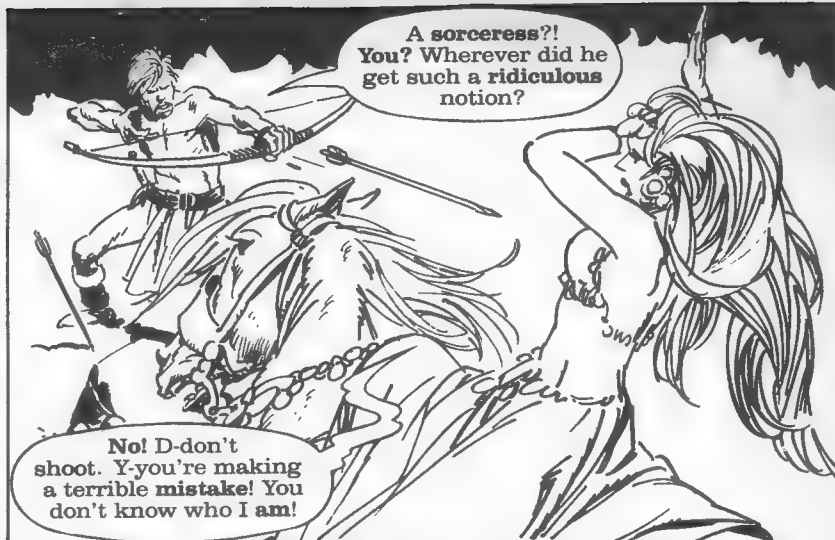
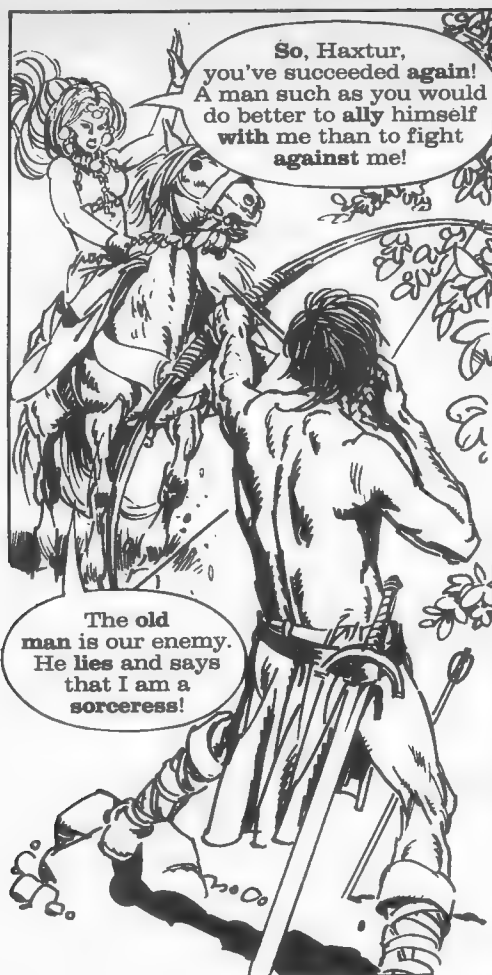
The bridge...!
You're destroying
it...! Noooooo!

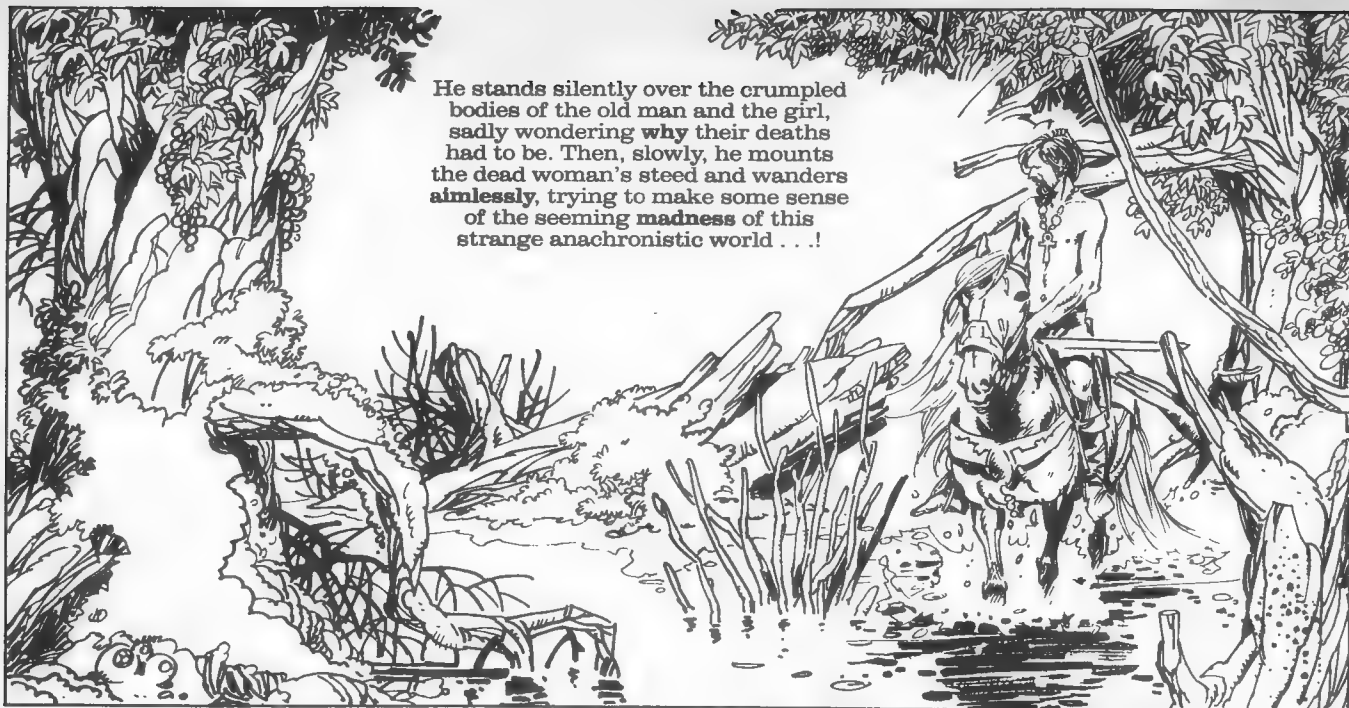


I won't
be trapped, woman!
I'll use your own dead tree
against you...! Once I'm
across that chasm, you'll
regret leaving me
to die...!

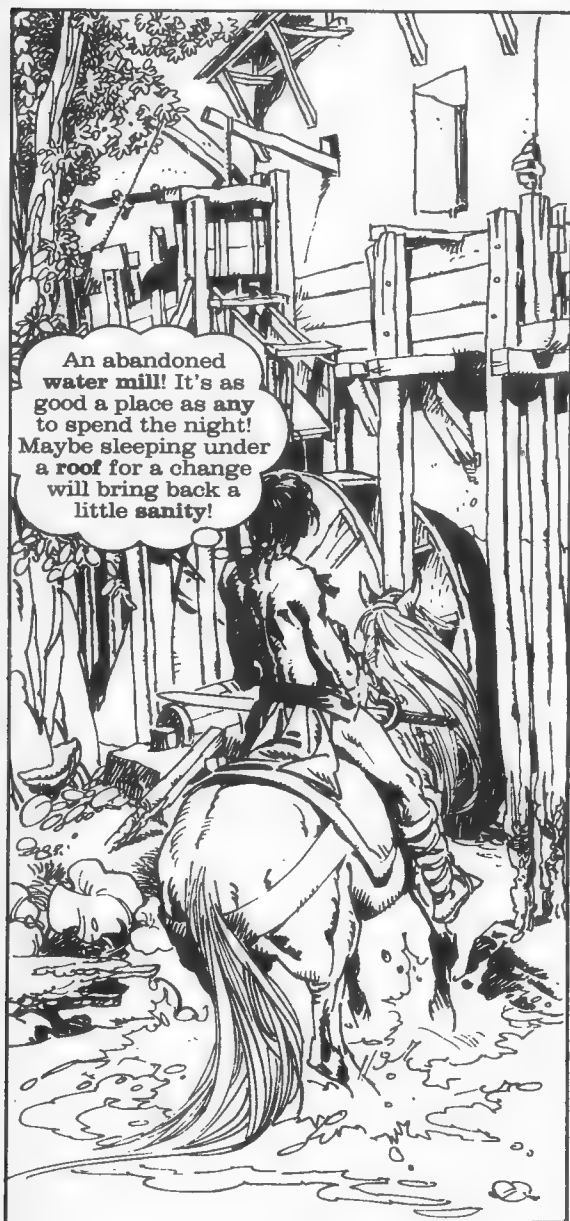








He stands silently over the crumpled bodies of the old man and the girl, sadly wondering **why** their deaths had to be. Then, slowly, he mounts the dead woman's steed and wanders aimlessly, trying to make some sense of the seeming **madness** of this strange anachronistic world . . . !



An abandoned water mill! It's as good a place as any to spend the night! Maybe sleeping under a roof for a change will bring back a little sanity!



Who . . . who's there? Who's broken into my home?

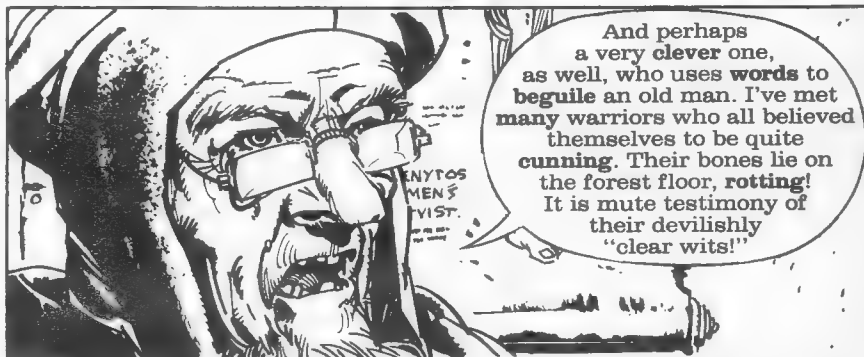
I . . . I'm sorry. I didn't know anyone lived here!

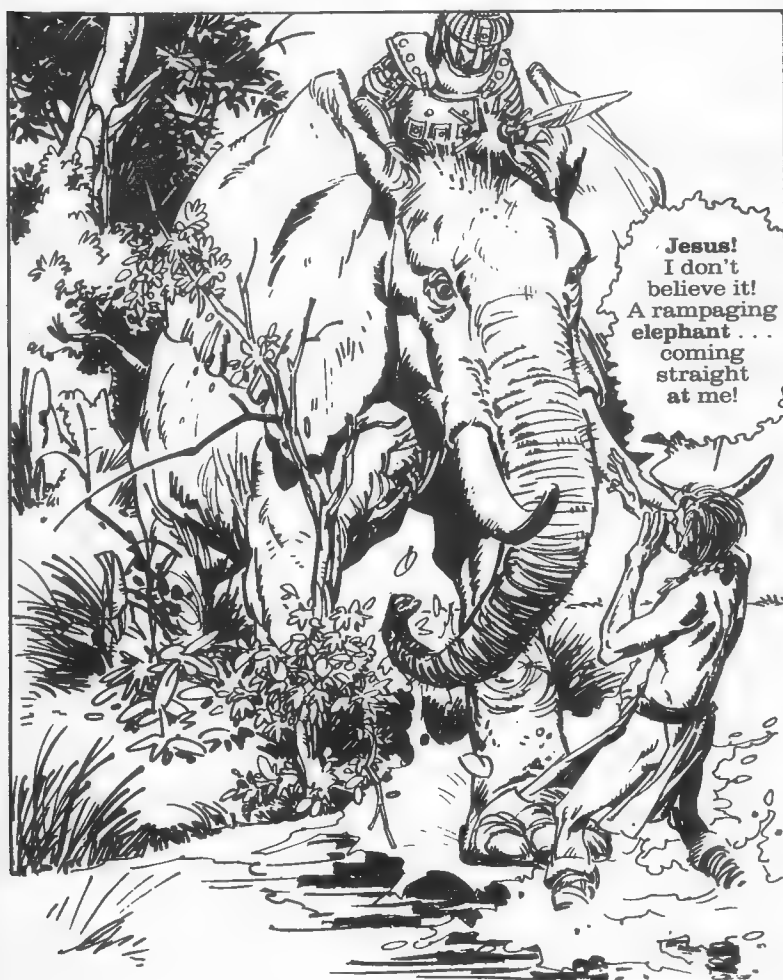
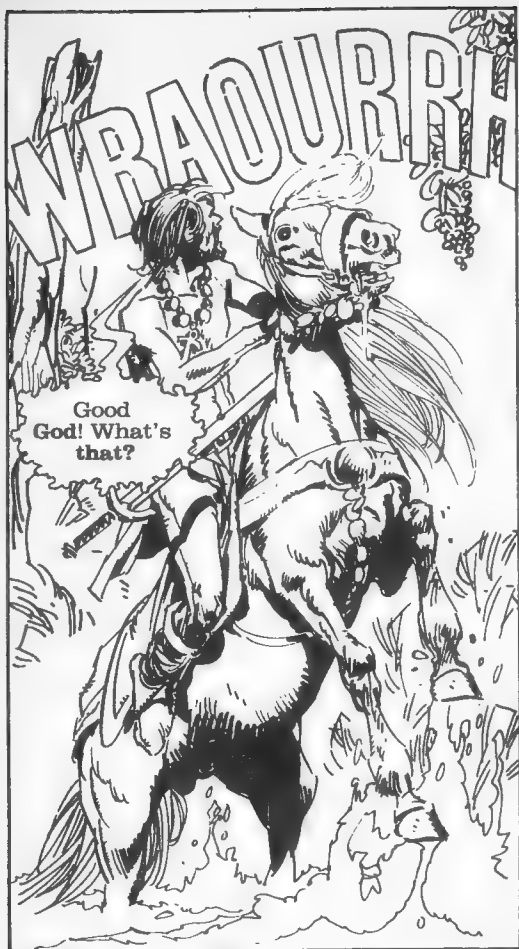


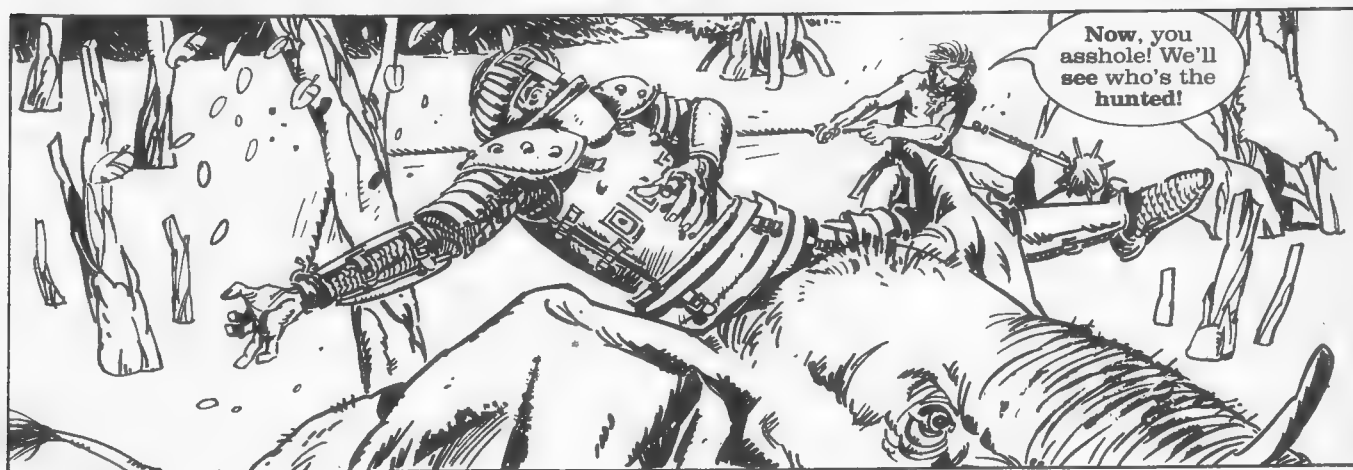
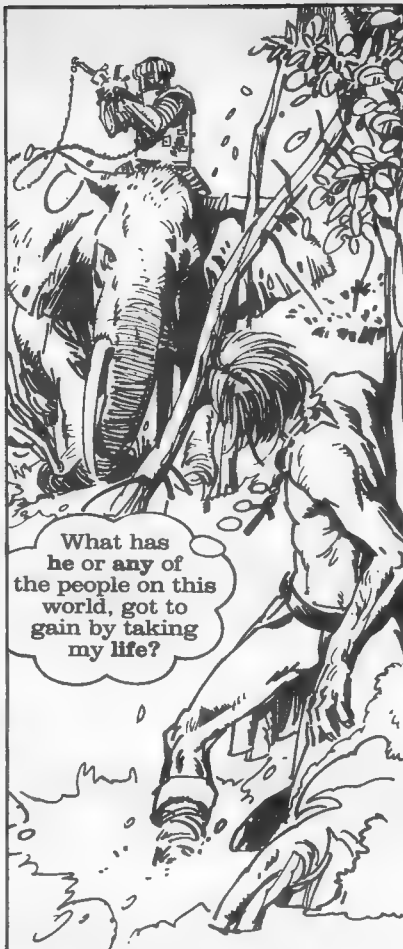
What are you doing in these parts, stranger? Don't you know that this land is dangerous? It's haunted with death!

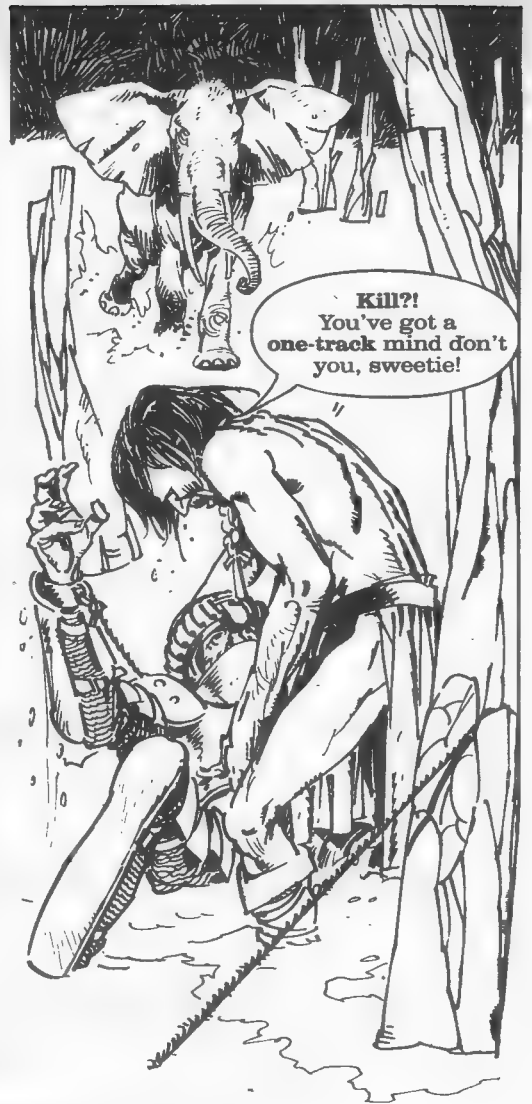
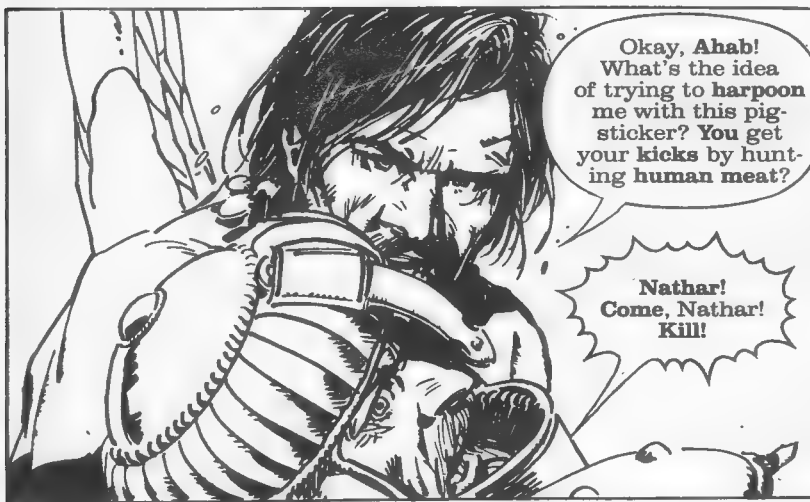
There are dangers in the woods. Dangers who don't spare their victims . . . !


I know. I've met several of those dangers once today.



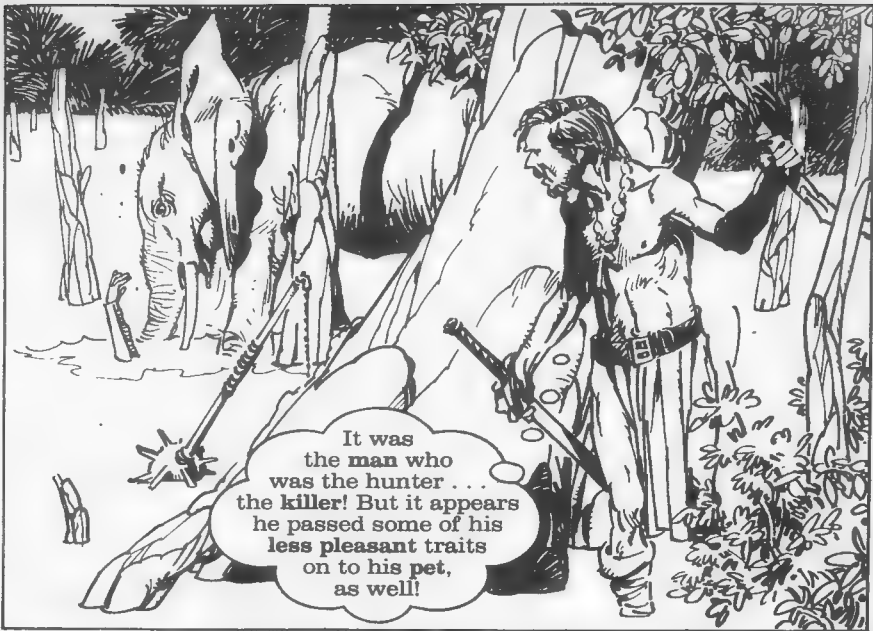










God! What a horrible way to go! But that . . . that beast . . . ! It acts as though it's enjoying the kill! It's as if it were claiming a long-awaited vengeance for years of mistreatment!



It was the man who was the hunter . . . the killer! But it appears he passed some of his less pleasant traits on to his pet, as well!



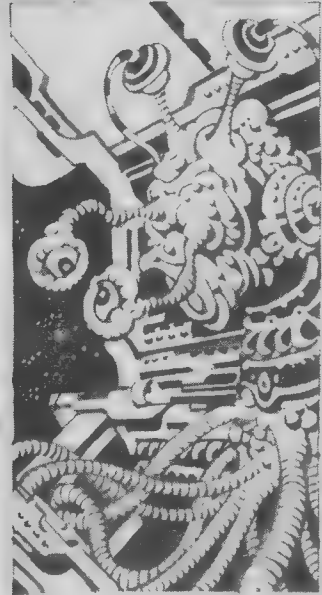
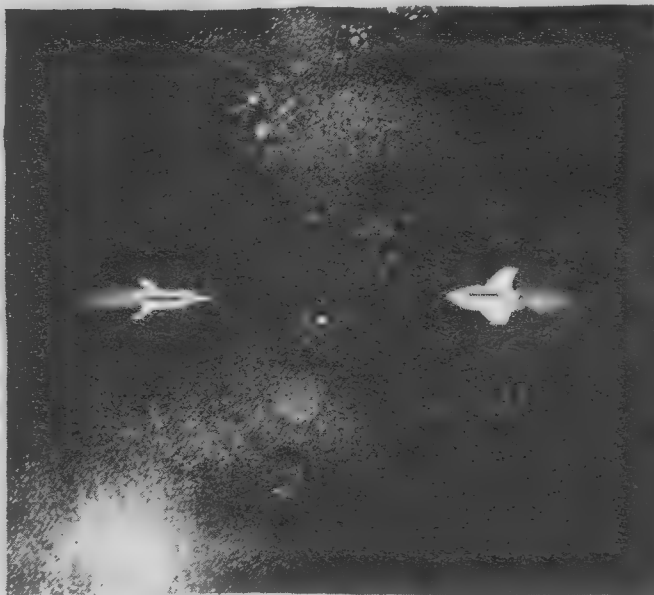
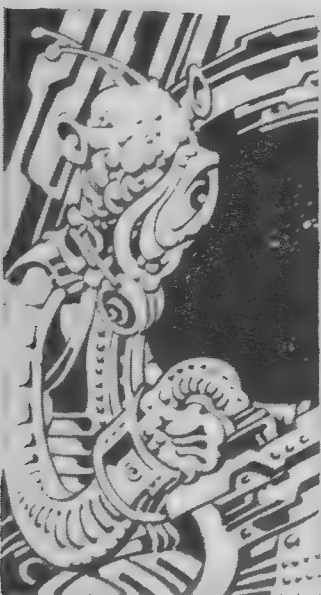
Hey! My horse. Grazing so peacefully. He acts as though nothing at all has happened!

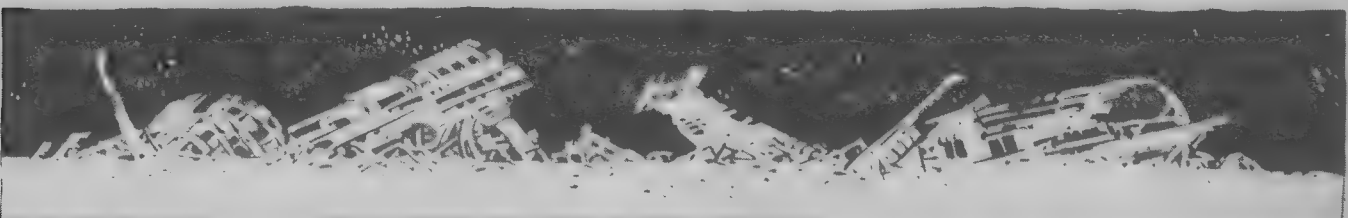
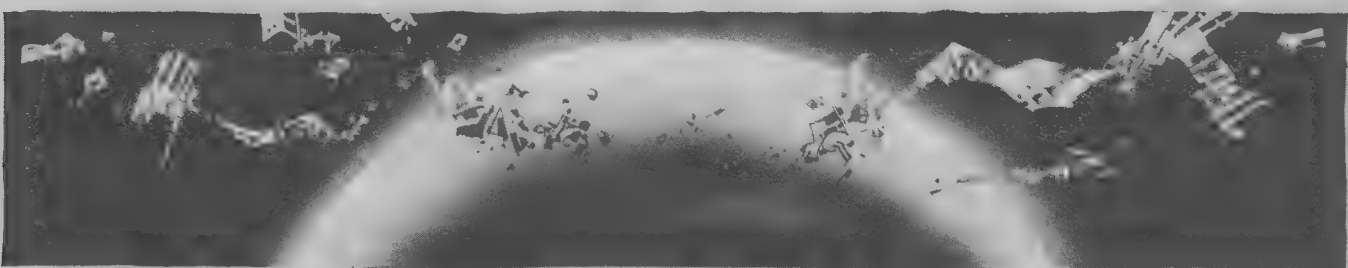
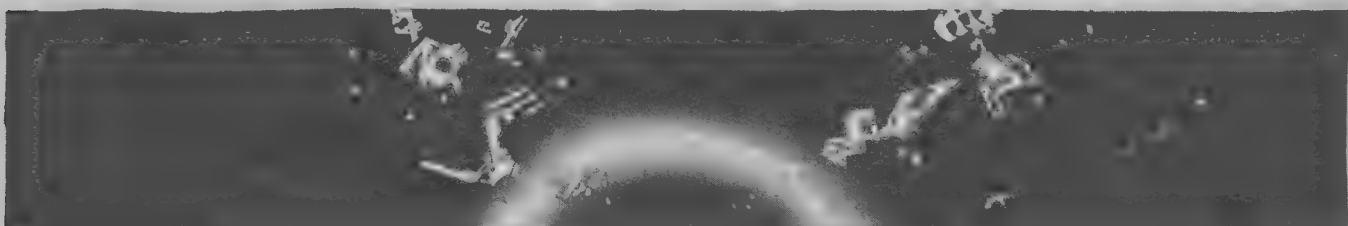
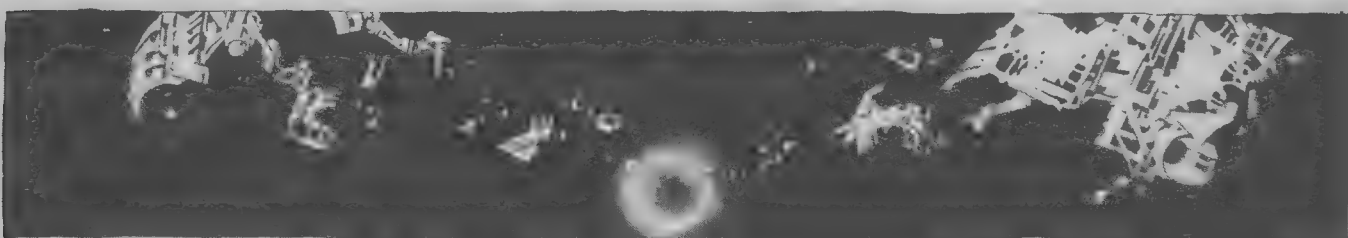
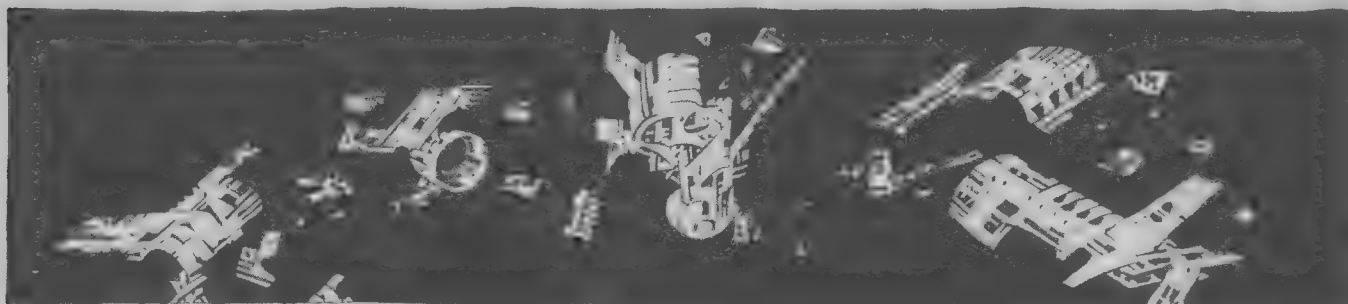


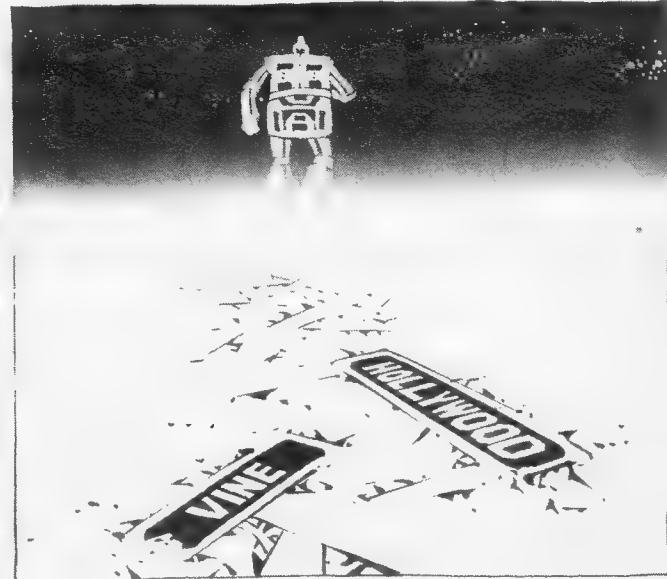
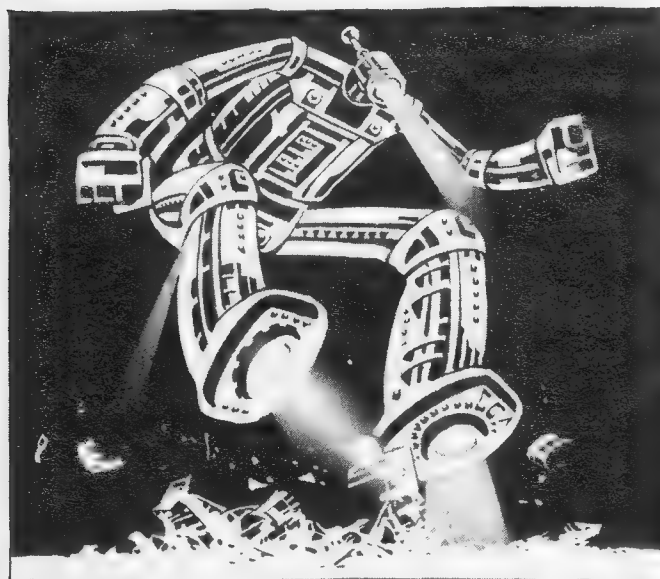
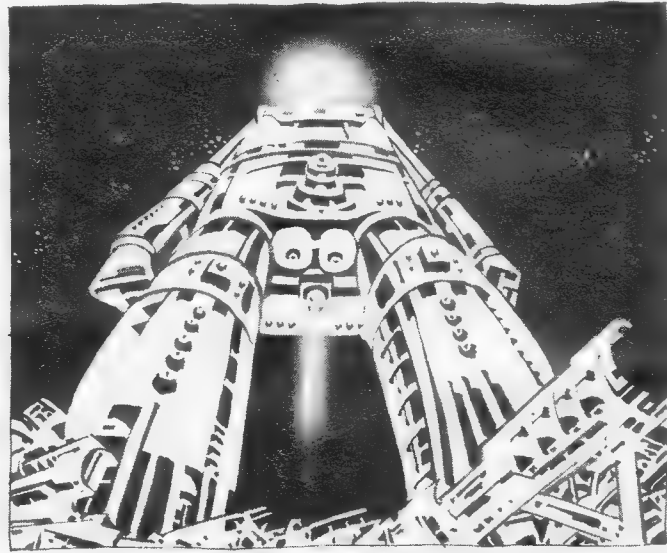
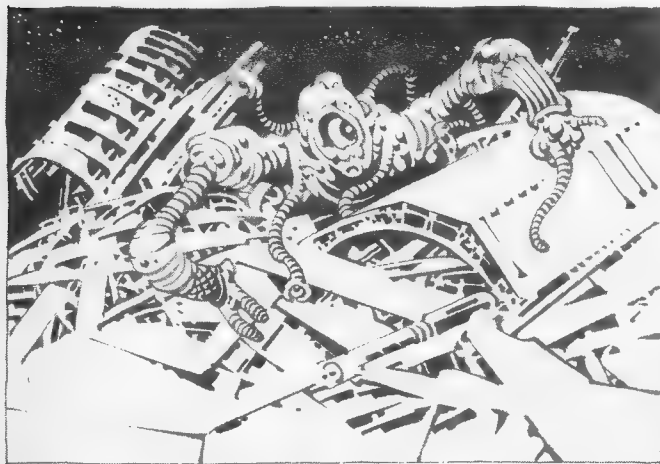
How I wish I could be that way . . . to forget about the three who've died today because of me!

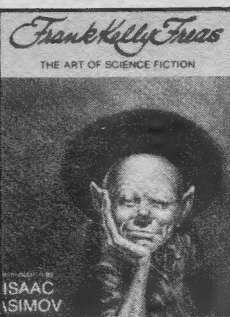
But I'll never forget. And I have a sick feeling that the needless killing has only just begun . . . !

Haxtur continues in the next issue of 1994!



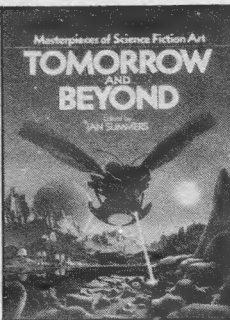




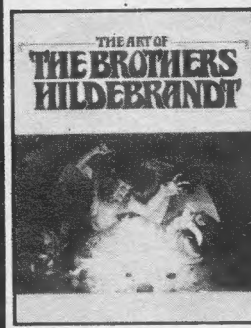


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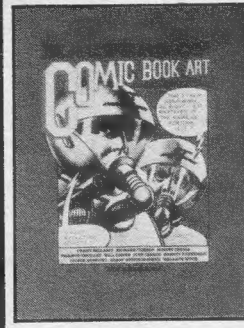
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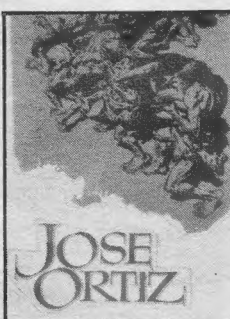
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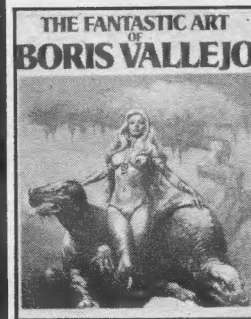
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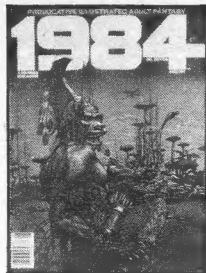
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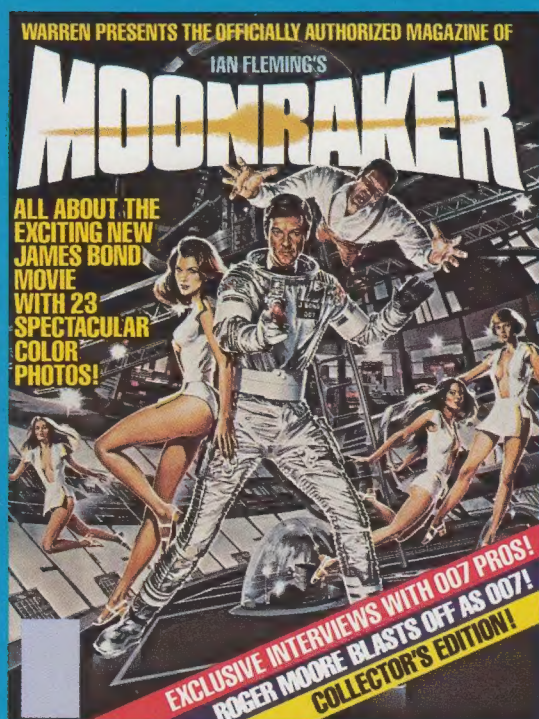
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